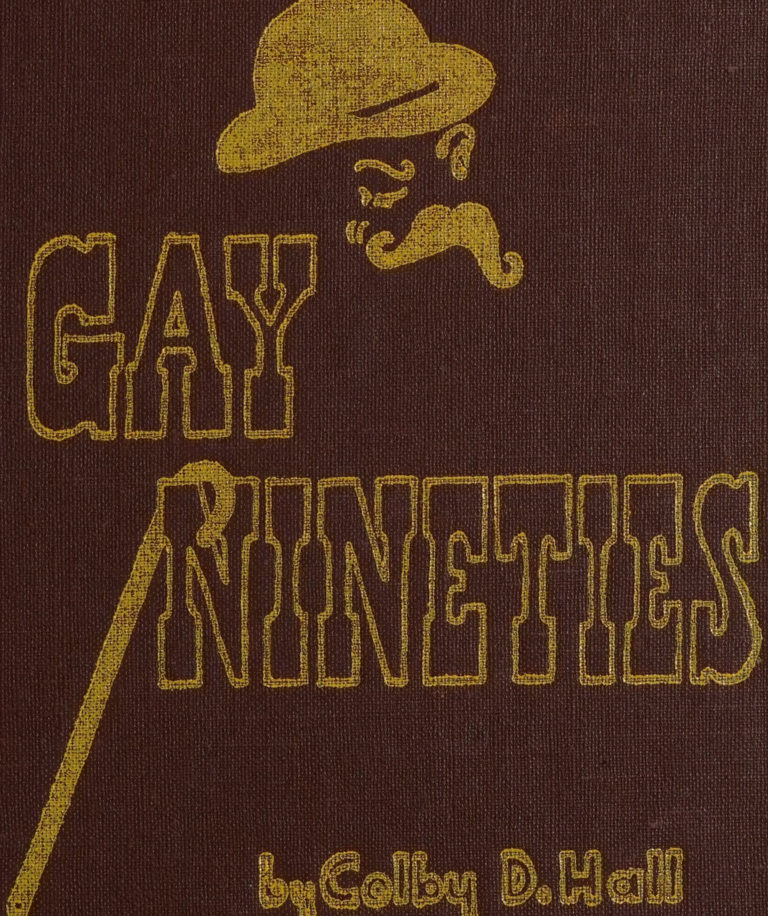

# GAY NINETIES

by Colby D. Hall

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# GAY
# NINETIES

# GAY NINETIES

### by Colby D. Hall

Cartoons by TED TOMLINSON

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FORT WAYNE AND ALLEN COUNTY

The Naylor Company
Publishers of the Southwest
San Antonio, Texas

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1147791

*Dedicated*

*to the*

*blessed memory of*

*my mother,*

*Mahala Pritchet Hall (1854-1895)*

A typical Pioneer Mother, she married at eighteen, gave birth to nine children, and nursed two of these, Robbie and Katherine, through their final illnesses, which modern medicine could have cured.

She worked for her family (moderns would say "slaved") always with a song in her heart and a deep genuine Christian faith in her soul.

Through the years I recall Dr. Cordier, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Shelton and Dr. Foscue who served us with dedication and patience, at small fees with drugs that were shockingly inadequate and surprisingly inexpensive.

And to all Pioneer Mothers of similar type and spirit.

There was never an army more dedicated to a noble cause.

# Foreword

After hearing that expression "The Gay Nineties" for many a decade — at least for five of them — I began to realize that I had been a part of that long ago decade; from a fifteen-year-old lad to a twenty-four-year-old youth. It occurred to me that an account of the events that happened to me should be revealing to twentieth century folks concerning the much less developed conditions of that far away, turbulent period which has somehow acquired a title of such optimistic hue.

The narrative will necessarily be somewhat autobiographical, since it is "I" who do the recalling. The attempt will be to review from personal memory the current of events as I remember them — with some checking up by records and sources. Hence it will inevitably bear the marks of some personal views, opinions, and interpretations — and even some prejudices, perhaps. With all such, the reader will be free to match his own. My main purpose will be to expose the life and conditions of that far away decade as it would appear to a student of history or sociology, or just to the ordinary run of folk like myself.

Since I was living in Waco, Texas, during that period, the world of events will be seen from the viewpoint of that fair city. When I heard that the novel *Sironia* supposedly had its setting in that same town, I read it with eager interest; but I failed to recognize any familiar landmarks or spirit. Madison Cooper saw a different town from that of my experience — if the surmise was true. I am not striving to depict the town, particularly, but rather the times.

My background at fourteen was somewhat cosmopolitan. Born in the border state of Kentucky (Dec. 29, 1875) with a Democratic background, and a Southern background, the family joined the great Western migration to the West when I was seven, moving to Kansas, where I obtained my grammar school education. Then, from having been a Southerner and a Westerner, I became, in 1891, a Southwesterner. I had made my own living costs since about twelve, having been clerk in the General Store and Assistant Postmaster at that age. At thirteen I had completed the grammar school grades and had passed the county-wide examination that made me eligible to be a school-teacher when I should attain the legal age of sixteen.

In 1891, my father, then 38 years of age, had closed out his general store and moved to Texas. That background should have rubbed off some of my prejudices — at least the scratchy edges thereof.

Father landed in Waco in 1891, where he had to hustle for a living for a family of eight, including parents. "Hustle" was the watchword for the family, in those days, and in general for everyone. Back in Kentucky (a little later) I observed several men, more than just a few, who seemed to get along without a job — but not so in Texas; there it required hustle.

So, here goes this teenager reporting the currents and customs of the "Gay Nineties" as they appeared to him, through his memory as an octogenarian.

As sources I have consulted the daily newspapers of that period in the libraries of Baylor University and Texas Christian University, Fort Worth Public Library, the *Complete Works of Brann* and other books listed in the Bibliography from our Mary Couch Library of Texas Christian University; and have read over some notes of my own, written in the 1890's.

# Acknowledgments

Several persons have been unusually generous in their courteous helpfulness to me in gathering material for this book. To each of these I hereby acknowledge my obligation: The University of Texas Press, Mr. Frank H. Wardlaw, Director, for permission to make quotations from their publication, Charles Carver's *Brann the Iconoclast;* also to Dr. John Randolph for permission to quote from his Ph.D. thesis from Vanderbilt University. We were charmed with the treatment we (wife, daughter and I) received at the Baylor University Library, especially by Mrs. Virginia Crump and Mrs. Cox, and later by the extra courtesies of Dr. Guy Bryan Harrison, Professor of History in the Baylor faculty, especially for the several pictures of Baylor life and campus, and to the Director of the wonderful Texas Collection, Miss Genie Moore, one of the group of "us kids" in the Nineties (she was much younger) for providing a picture of her father, James I. Moore; and closer home, to my wife, Beatrice Tomlinson Hall, and our daughter, Dr. Bita May Hall, of the T.C.U. Modern Language Faculty, for their untiring helpfulness in suggestions, corrections, copy-reading and general encouragement. Generous thanks goes to my collaborator, Ted Tomlinson, the cartoonist. Ted is a double second cousin of my wife. Yes, figure it out: His grandfather, J. D. Tomlinson, was the younger brother of my wife's father, T. E. Tomlinson; and Ted's grandmother, Sallie Hand, was the older sister of Laura Hand, T. E.'s wife. Ted is a co-partner in THE FORT WORTH SHOPPER. Also an expression of appreciation to Mrs. Joe O. Naylor, President of the Naylor Company, my publishers. She has handled so well the heavy responsibilities of her assignment, which she took over after the shocking death of her husband, Joe Naylor, who was Governor of the San Antonio District of Kiwanis at about the time I was President of the Down-town Kiwanis Club of Fort Worth, and we were good friends.

COLBY D. HALL

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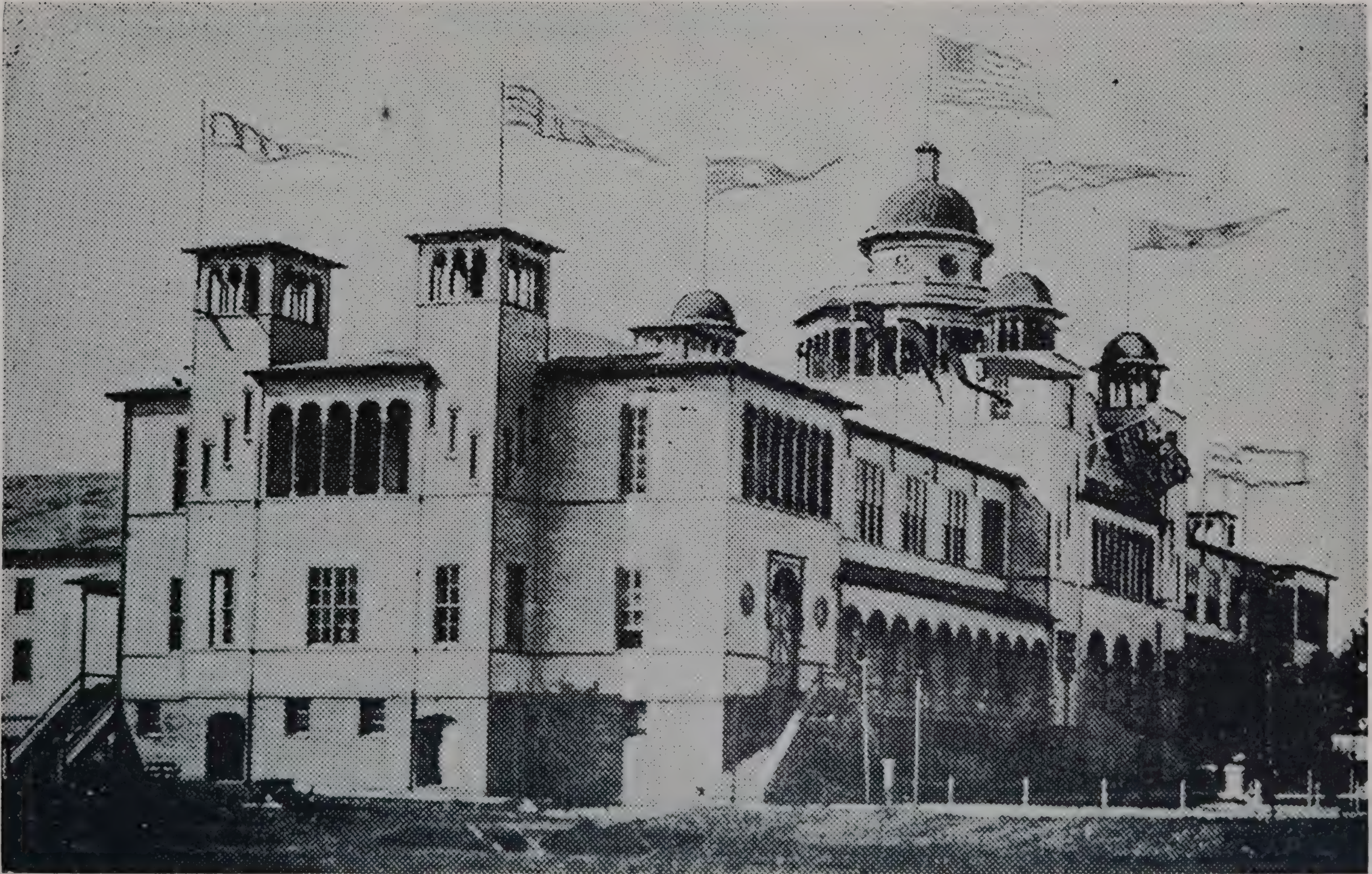
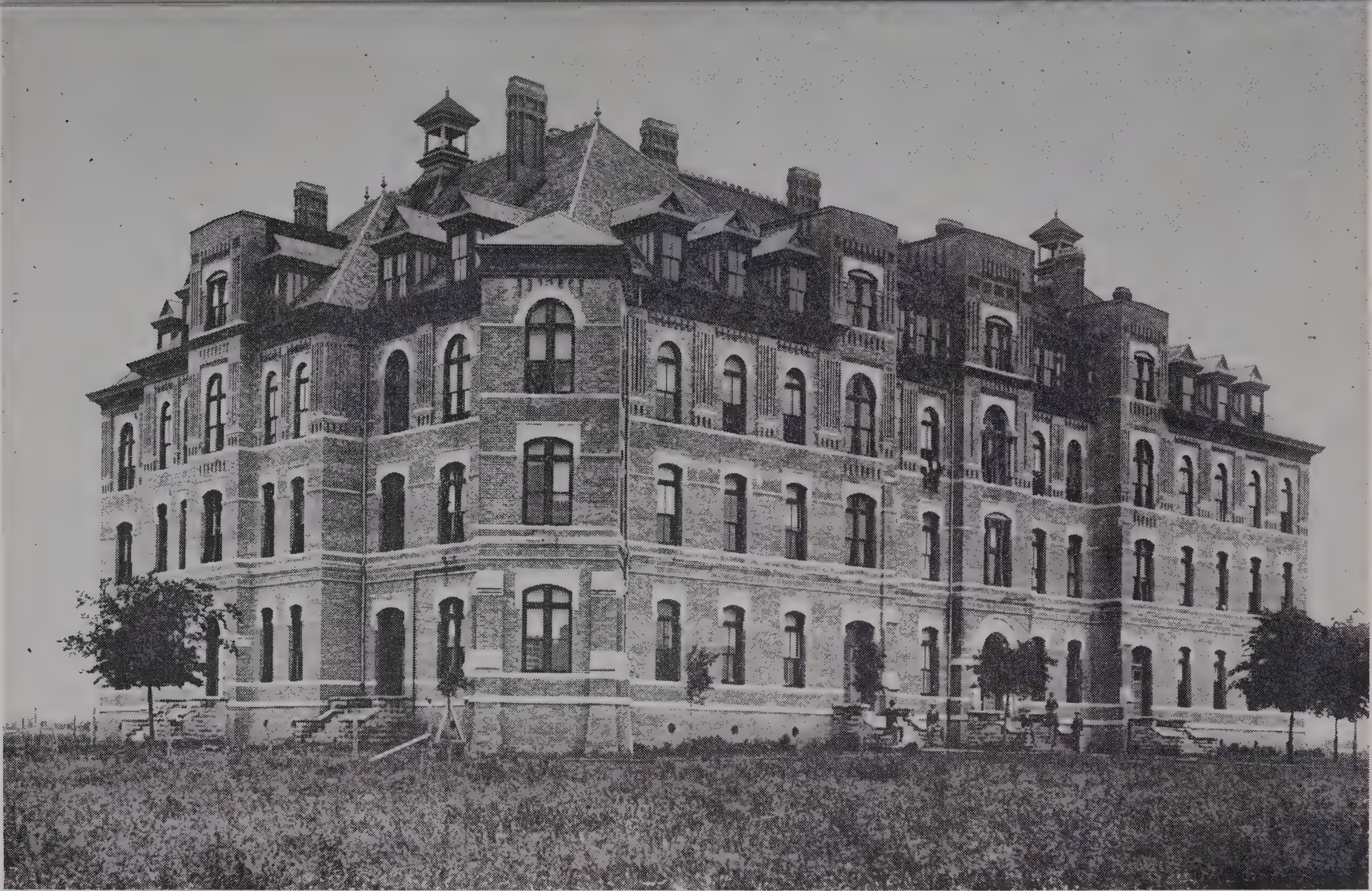
Colby D. Hall



The Waco Cotton Palace, 1894

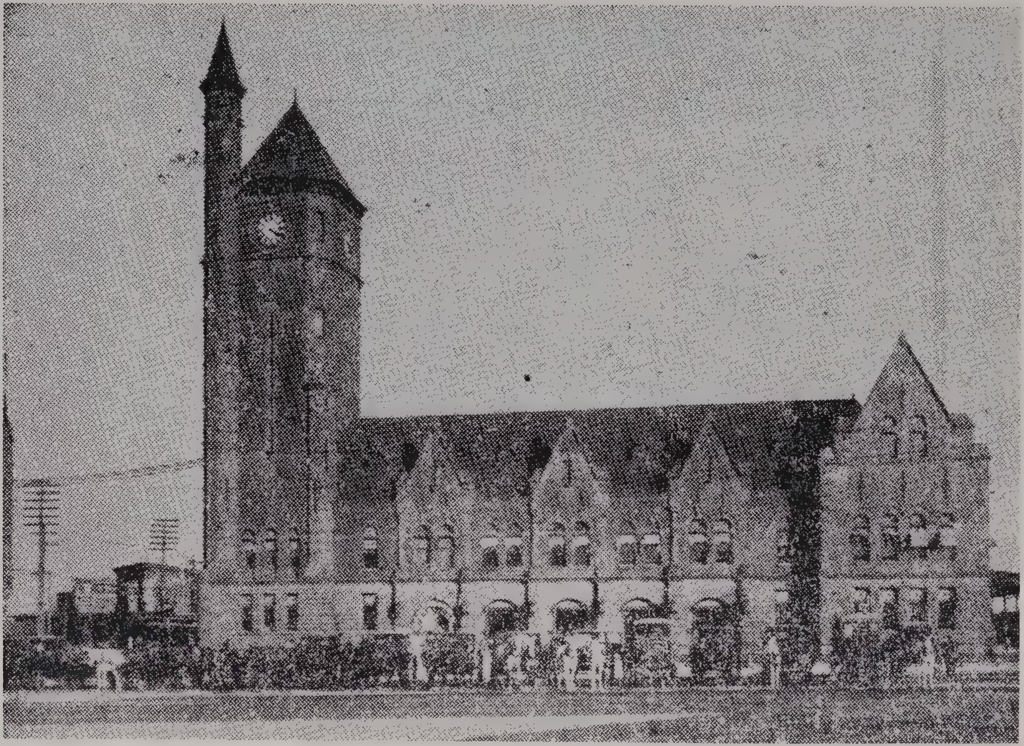


Add-Ran Christian University — Destroyed by fire March 22, 1910

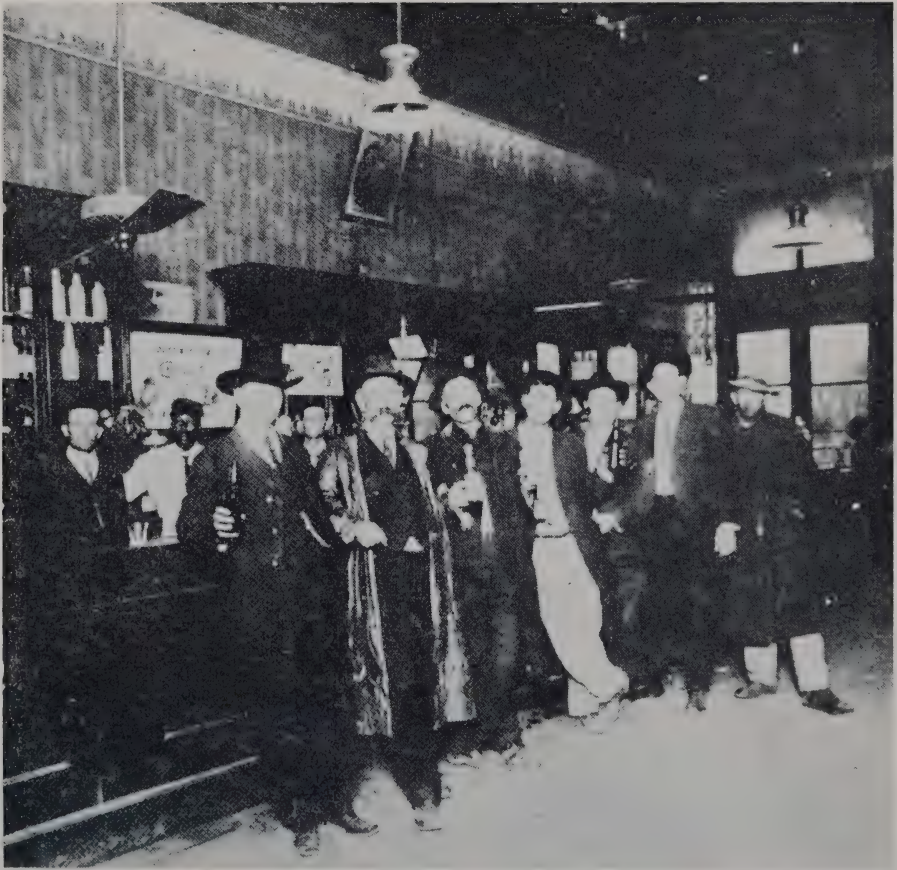
Baylor Football Team of 1899

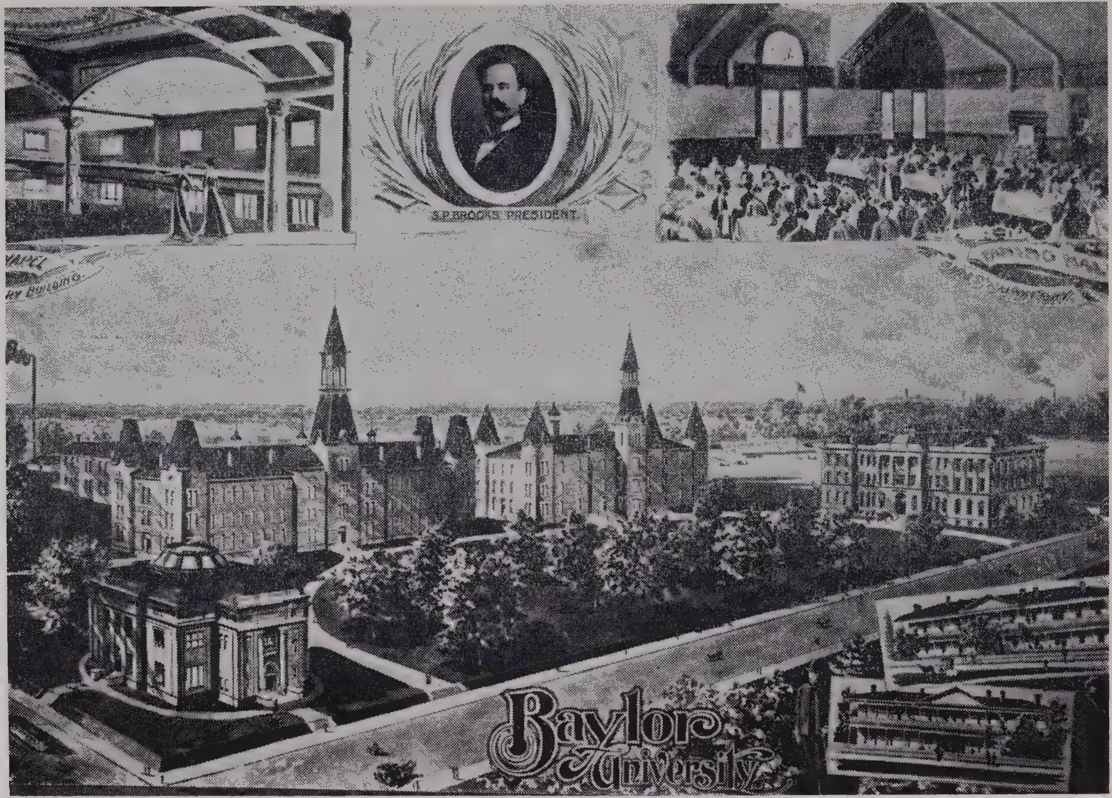
Directors of the Cotton Palace

The Texas & Pacific
passenger station,
Fort Worth
— Razed in 1932

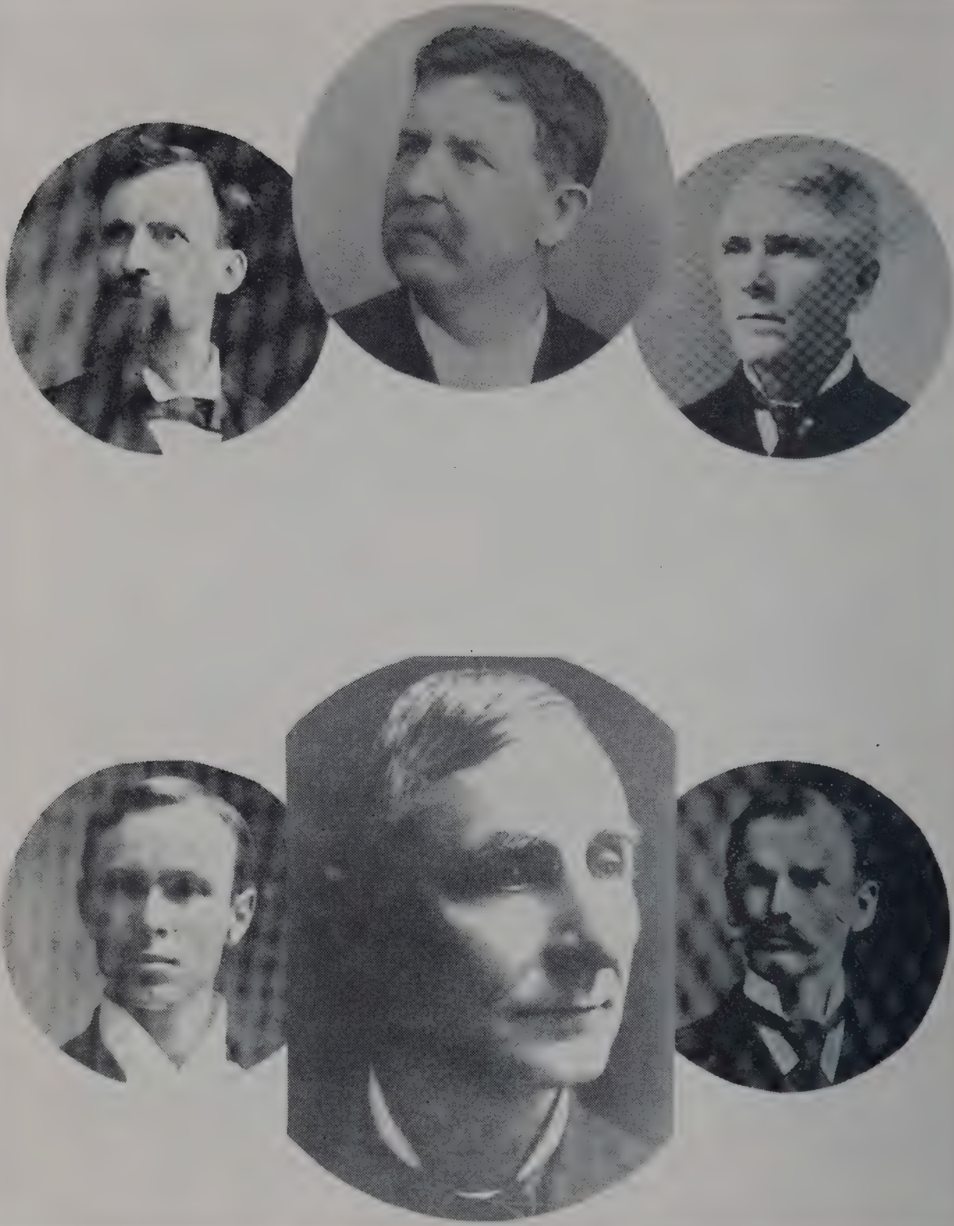


A Waco Saloon Scene of the 1890's

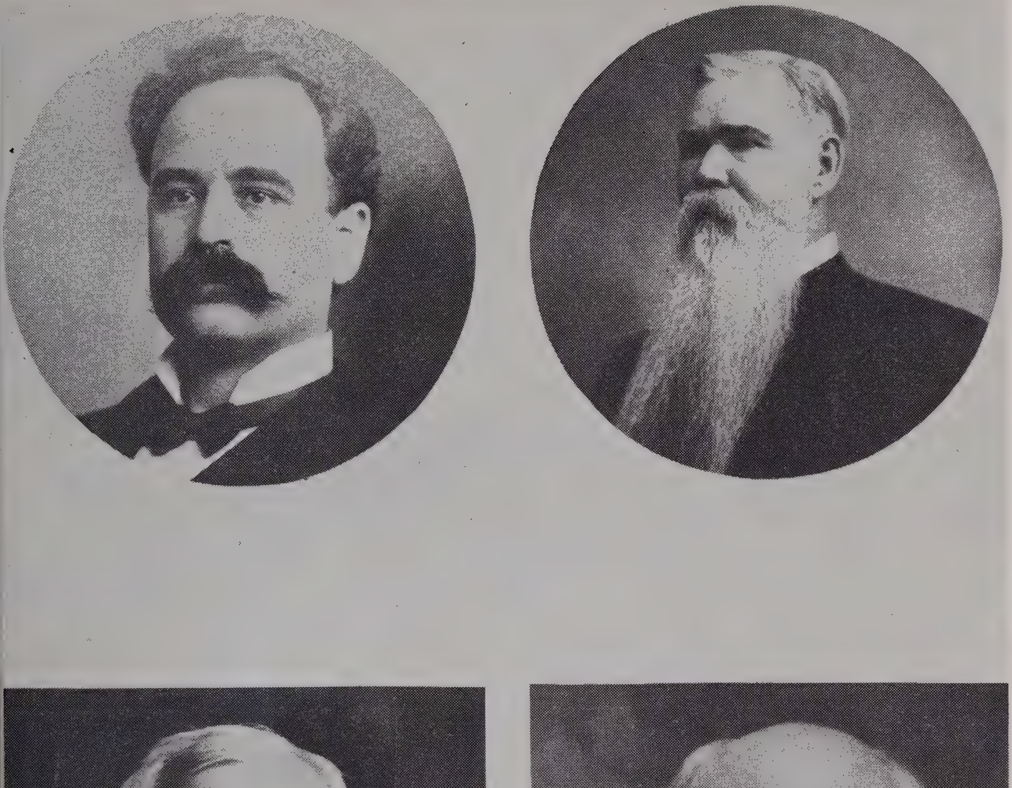




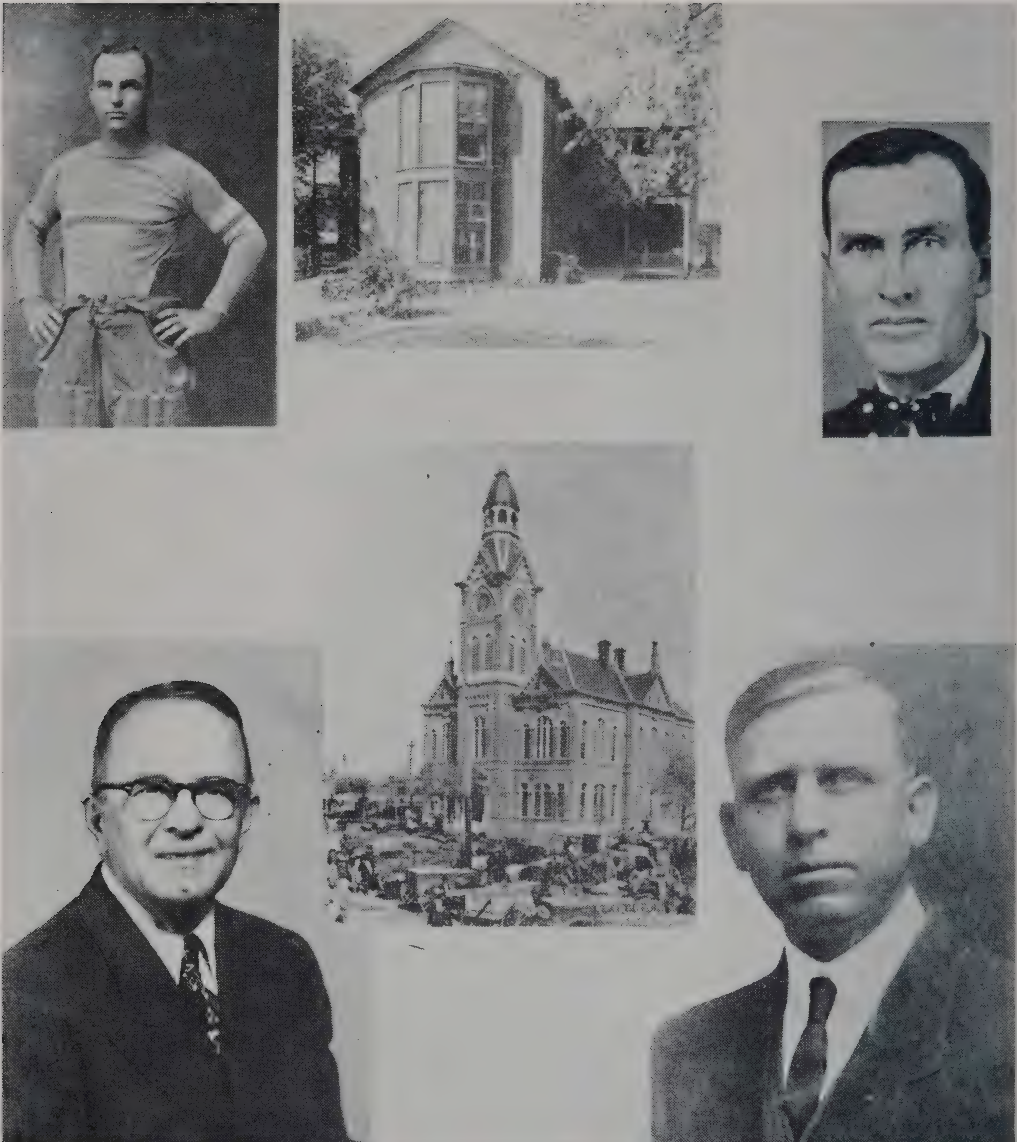
Baylor Campus
in 1890's



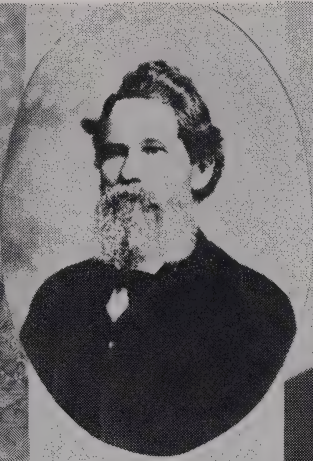
*Left to Right:* J. B. Sweeney; Dr. J. W. Lowber; E. C. Snow; Addison Clark, Jr.; Addison Clark, Sr.; A. C. Easley

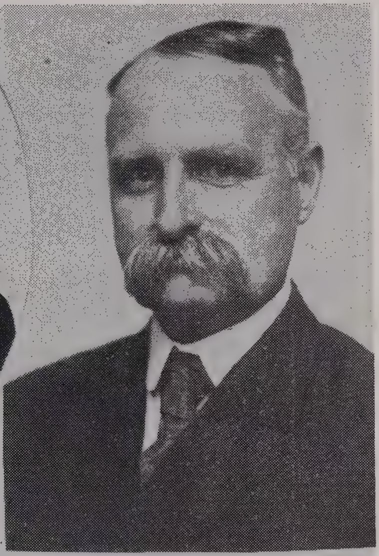


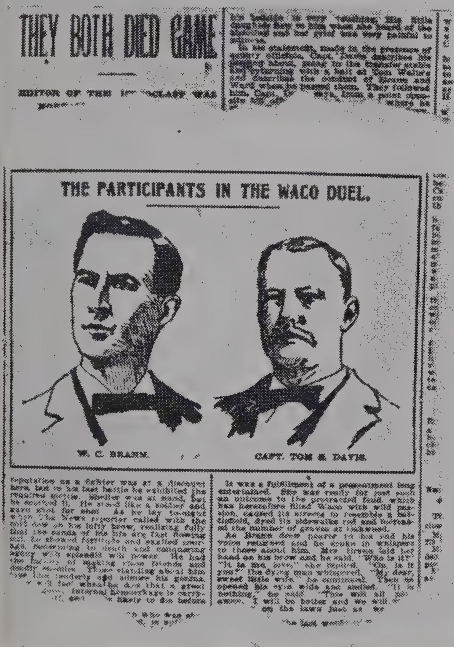
*Left to Right*: "Professor" Brooks; Dr. B. H. Carroll; Judge W. H. Jenkins; Rufus C. Burleson



*Left to Right*: Milton Daniel; "The Oaks," home of W. C. Brann; Edwin A. Elliott; Leo "Dutch" Meyer; Waco City Hall, 1890's; Ellis Hardy







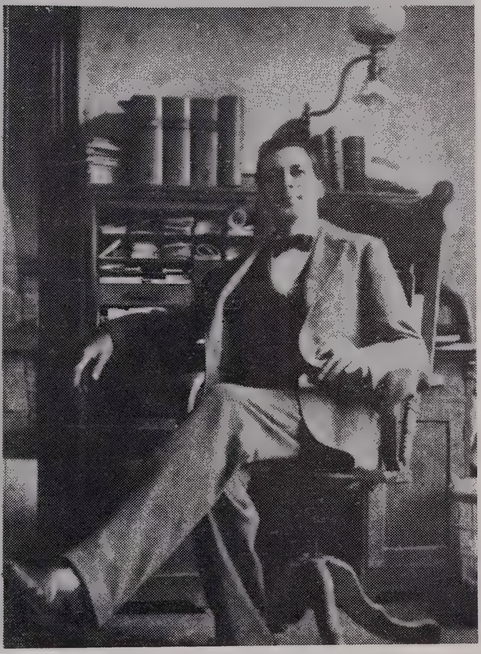
THEY BOTH DIED GAME

EDITOR OF THE ICONOCLAST WAS

THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE WACO DUEL.

W. C. BRANN.

CAPT. TOM E. DAVIS.

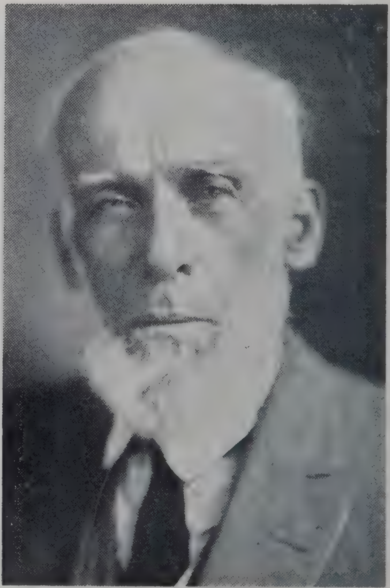


*Reading left to right*: Guy Inman and Colby D. Hall; Dr. James D. Shaw; James I. Moore; A newspaper clipping; W. C. Brann.

Amon Carter

B. C. Rhome

Van Zandt Jarvis



J. J. Jarvis

# 1

# Why "Gay" and Who "Gay"

IF THE PHRASE HAD COME DOWN AS THE NOISY Nineties or the Naughty Nineties, I could dig around among my experiences and find some grounds for the name after knowing from the start that it was just another case of alliteration, like so many others. But "gay"? Where did "gay" come in? Let me look back and ask. Who were able to be gay? The doctors? Too much illness to occupy their time and sympathy. The preachers? Too much wickedness going on; saloons, gambling, indifference, worldliness, selfishness. They could work and be happy and pray — but not be gay. Laborers? Working 12 or more hours a day or even ten or eight, there was not much energy left for play or gayety. That was long prior to the 40-hour week. It was just about the period when the president of the Steel Trust, Gary, a good churchman, argued stiffly for a twelve-hour working day.

Lawyers? Young lawyers worried to get a foothold; older lawyers were in the midst of contentions or poking into politics. Young people? Yes, they are the ones we may find gay. The young can always be happy and gay, and are if the teachers are wise. But we can't always stay young.

Perhaps the 1890's were gay by contrast with other decades. The War between the States had been over for a quarter of a century, and even the reconstruction period was past. (That left more bitterness than the war itself, I learned.) A young generation had grown up to make a fresh start. The tide of western migration had greatly slowed down and people felt more settled. They had more humor for a playful spirit. That is, enough people to provide some room for play, although the bulk of people were tied down to making a living. But even the gayety of the gay came only in spots or streaks; there were many interruptions.

As an expression of this mood for playtime we might mention the Cotton Palace held in Waco in 1894, although we must not neglect the serious business aspect of it; the business of boosting the cotton gin, cotton market, cotton oil mills — and the cotton farmer at the base of it all, for in that day Cotton was really king.

Since the name "Gay Nineties" obviously grew up as an afterthought, we should take into consideration the after events. By contrast with the times of ease and peace of the decade of the 1890's, consider the struggles and sufferings of the vicious World War I, followed by the even more serious World War II, contrasting with the Spanish-American skirmish of 1898. By a backward look the earlier period may have seemed to some a period of peace and easement — "gay."

Just recently I heard an old-time contemporary citizen of Waco criticizing the town for a spirit of complacency. "The leading citizens," he claimed, "had a little capital, or business or profession and were content with it." Ambition to improve the community was lacking, he thought. My mental picture of some of those citizens whom I knew agreed with him definitely. But that did not apply to all — or the majority. Let us be specific and name some forward-looking ventures in those old days.

The Cotton Palace has already been mentioned. That required some vision, enterprise, imagination, energy, public spirit, and executive leadership. To be sure not all of the business men cooperated heartily, or so the head leaders thought. I don't remember who was the President, but I knew who was the prime leader in enthusiasm, planning and boosting. It was James I. Moore, a real estate dealer and lawyer, a fine, aggressive, Christian citizen. Another was Tom Padgitt, whose leather-goods store,

NEXT YEAR I'M NOT GONNA PLANT SO DANG MUCH COTTON-

COTTON WAS REALLY KING-THE COTTON FARMER WAS THE BASE OF IT ALLsaddles and harness on Fifth and Franklin, also a leader. (His wife, nee Kate Ross, was "the first white child born in McLennan County." She was the daughter of the renowned Indian fighter, Captain Shapley P. Ross, 1811-1899.) Padgitt's Park, wherein the Cotton Palace was held, bore his name.

The decorations of the Palace were in keeping with its theme; cotton stalks, cotton bolls, abounded. Corn cobs, sliced, were used to spell out the lettering of signs everywhere. It was very fitting and very risky — as was learned at much cost, when a fire broke out in the dried-out decorations and burned the entire structure down.

Popular support from the people was encouraged in many ways. Eating arrangements were needed, of course. Restaurants were not so much used in those days as later. The feeding of multitudes was largely let out to groups of women from churches and other organizations. Thus the number of people interested and attending was increased. Amusement was not neglected. There were, no doubt, side shows of various types. But the scintillating attraction that was most advertised, and advertising, was the world famous Sousa's band. That was before it was so famous, as later, but this was one of the many exhibitions across the country by which its fame was built. The well-known resounding numbers of march music became familiar tunes to Texas people that year, as they did to all America as the distinguished musician and leader, John Philip Sousa, built up his renown by his thrilling march music. Sousa had been bandmaster for the United States Marines in Washington, D. C., until 1892, so we got him while he was fresh and growing. "El Capitan," "The Washington Post," "Stars and Stripes Forever," were familiar whistling tunes to all Waco folks for a generation. He even had one named "King Cotton," which could have been inspired by his sojourn in Waco, Texas.

Another example of the vision and push of Waco citizens was the exploitation of their gift of nature — the artesian wells. It was discovered, about 1889, that pure, clean water, 104 degrees hot, would flow by its own force from a stratum of a certain depth. Tom Padgitt built a sanatorium in Padgitt's Park, on the high corner of Fifteenth and Webster, and advertised it as a health invigorator and healer. People came from far and

WORLD FAMOUS SOUSA'S BAND-MARCH MUSIC BECAME FAMILIAR TO TEXANS near to try to heal such diseases as rheumatism, neuritis, and even Bright's disease. (Amongst these was an uncle of mine from Kentucky.) We had not yet heard of arthritis, else it would have been included. If we had it, then it went as plain rheumatism. Two stubborn facts prevented the final success of this dream of Waco from becoming a famous spa. The smaller town of Marlin, thirty miles down the Brazos, developed a vein much hotter, 140 degrees instead of 104. Marlin also built the well-advertised Arlington Hotel which flourished for several years. The main cause, however, was the growth of population. The artesian water flowed in sufficient quantity to provide water for a city of some twenty thousand population, but Waco soon outgrew this, and in order to obtain a sufficient supply, had to dig wells and build dams for a large lake, Lake Waco. (Fort Worth, later, had the same experience.) A private corporation supplied artesian water to the citizens of North Waco, in pipes that were often parallel to those of the city. I used both systems in my first home on Herring Avenue, 1909-12.

Of course, the Nineties were dated B.A. (Before Automobiles). Horses and wagons and buggies were the mode of transportation. These could endure much mud, so paved streets were scarce — a sort of luxury. But Waco city was ingenious. Along the Brazos river were many acres of cedar trees, known as the "Cedar Brakes." The city fathers arranged to have these home-grown trees cut into blocks the right size, like stones, and used them as paving blocks. Main Street, then named Austin Avenue, south of Eighth Street, was paved with cedar blocks. Of course, in a protracted rainy season these tended to swell and bulge, but they served the city for years.

Another example of Waco's driving ahead of progress was in the case of street cars. Running on South Second Street was a street car propelled by steam. Always, I assumed that it must have been an abandoned railway track and an old-time railway engine. It had a name; was it "Plug"? It ran to an addition to the city known as Edgefield. But several years before the end of the decade, I remember riding down by Padgitt's Park on an electric street car. And by 1896 there was a line running out to North Waco to serve T. C. U., then known as Add-Ran College. A touch of modernism could be observed in the route it chose to travel: out North Fifteenth Street to Bosque Street, then wandering deviously across the valley to include a new real estate addition, thence via Twentieth Street to Herring and back east on Herring to Eighteenth, thence north in front of Add-Ran campus and beyond. Soon after Add-Ran moved in, the route was changed to the much more direct North Fifth way.

Waco was not lacking in the development of culture. The door to the outside larger world of thought and good taste (aside from schools) to me was the Star Course of Lectures put on by the Y. M. C. A. in its auditorium upstairs near Seventh and Austin. Since I was confined indoors too much as a bookkeeper in a downtown store, I sought regular exercise. That was before the days of golf, so I joined the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium classes — and bought a season ticket for the Star Course. Thereby, open windows to the larger world of learning and culture were opened up to me. I will mention one sample — of course, the best. It was a lecture by Professor John B. Demotte. In fact, I remember two of his lectures. One was in the field of physics, which I had not then studied but ever after it definitely charmed me. He opened up the field of vibrations: waves of sound, electricity, light and such. He used many an illustration, by use of the magic lantern, stereopticon, and other physical instruments. It was named "The Harp of the Senses," in which was pictured the vibrating universe, and which teased my imagination for more.

Another, "The Python Egg and the American Boy," was a revealing talk on the development of force of habit. That gave me a good start for later study in psychology on the forces of habit and its development. Of course, there were male quartets on the Star Course. There I got my first ambition to sing in a quartet; I was in a church choir at the time. My later years in college glee clubs and quartets were flavored by the inspiration gathered from the Star Course — like many another boy, I feel sure.

My gratitude goes out to that Star Course. How awakening and stimulating a course of lectures can be.

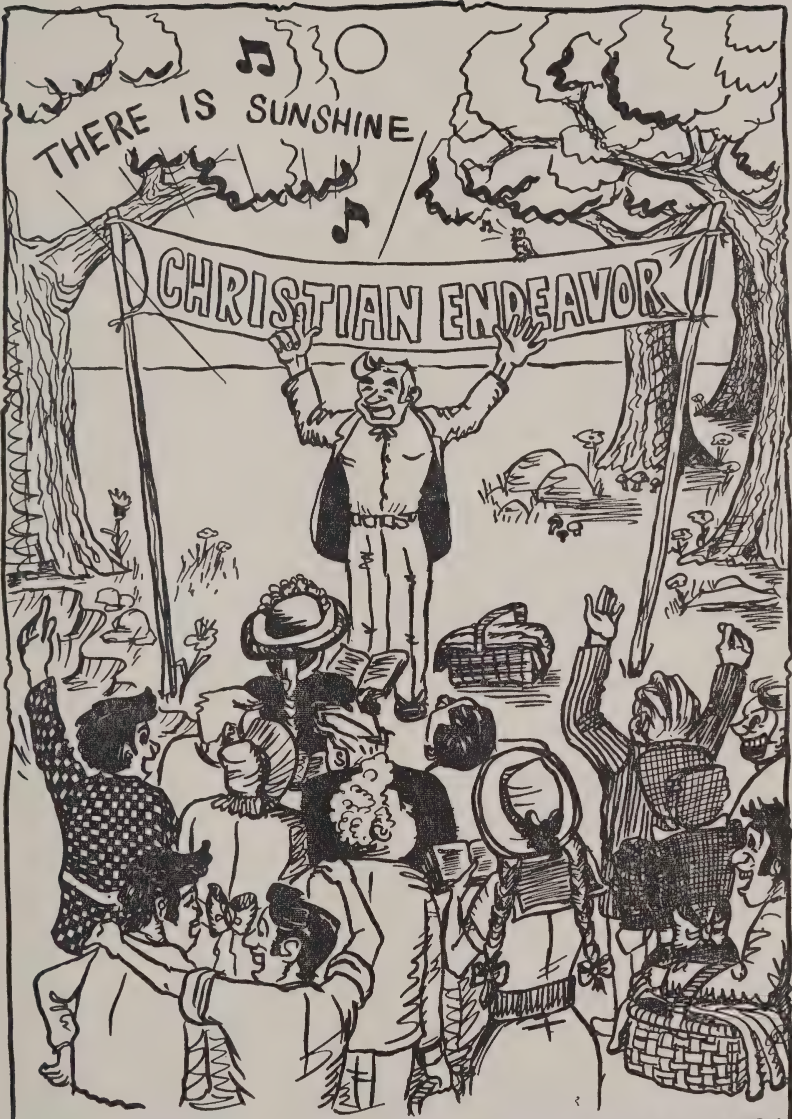
Garland's Opera House, on North Fourth Street, was the location for many a musical and a few dramas referred to elsewhere.

## 2

# The Gayest of All Groups-- The Christian Endeavorers

IF I WERE PRESSED INTO A CORNER AND COMpelled to name the one group of people who expressed the gayest spirit in the 1890's, I would have a ready answer; it would be the Christian Endeavor crowd. I could choose some words other than "gay," however, to express their real spirit. "Gay" seems to refer to the outside attitude; their spirit came from the inside; from the very bottom of their hearts; it was not ephemeral; but rather eternal.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was started in 1882, in Portland, Maine, by the pastor of the local Congregational Church, Reverend Francis E. Clark, as a device for engaging the youth of his local congregation in religious activity, of harnessing them for fruitful service, and thereby developing them in spiritual growth. Rapidly, the idea spread to other local congregations and to other denominations, for it met a normal general need. By the 1890's it had developed into a world-wide movement, organized in the form of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, with Dr. Francis E. Clark, naturally, as the president. Dr. Clark was brought to Texas in 1895



THE GAYEST GROUP- THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS for the State Christian Endeavor Convention. His presence gave a great impetus to the Movement in the state. In a later summer he came to a Presbyterian encampment on the Guadalupe River, near Kerrville, and I had the opportunity and great privilege of close acquaintance with that gentle yet forceful leader of the world-wide movement. We even had several swims together.

The official periodical was *The Golden Rule,* published in Boston. The editor of that journel was one of the brightest, cleverest, most inspiring editors I have known through all these years, Amos R. Wells.

The spirit of the movement is well expressed in its favorite song, which rang out loud, clear and frequently, everywhere — in their weekly prayer meetings every Sunday evening at the church, at the frequent conventions, district, state, and National. Here is the first verse and the chorus:

"There is sunshine in my soul today,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light,

"Oh, there's sunshine
Blessed sunshine
While the peaceful, happy moments roll
And Jesus shows his smiling face,
For there's sunshine in my soul."

I began my Christian Endeavor life early; I was first a member of the Junior C. E. Society. It must have been at the age of about fifteen, and I soon outgrew it and went into the regular society.

We had a "prayer-meeting" every Sunday afternoon prior to the evening service, with a uniform topic and scripture reference. That is where I first learned to talk and think "on my feet." One incident still lingers in my memory frequently. The renowned and eloquent Homer T. Wilson was holding a "protracted meeting" in our Central Church; he visited the C. E. meeting the Sunday evening previous to the evening service, and was sitting just behind me. When I had finished making my little talk, among the others — it was all on a volunteer basis —

Brother Wilson leaned forward, touched me on the shoulder and spoke a kind word of encouragement to me. What did he say? I know not the words; but they were manna to the young kid, and, no doubt, gave the gosling a boost toward his later career as a preacher.

* * * * * *

That "sunshine" song was a sort of trade mark for the Christian Endeavorers. Guy Inman, one of the bunch, would sing it so often and so vociferously, that he acquired the nick-name "Sunshine Guy." I pulled the song often in the service in my first preaching place, East Waco.

In 1895 Dr. Francis E. Clark came to Texas, as a speaker on the program of the Texas Christian Endeavor Convention in Waco. The presence of such a world-wide personality drew much attention and a boost for the cause of C. E. In the summer of 1896 this boost to the movement resulted in the going of a goodly company from Texas to the world convention of Christian Endeavor in Washington, D. C. That is where Guy Inman and Colby Hall first met, in person, to fulfill a date made previously. He was superintendent of the Houston, and I of the Waco, districts. I have a photograph-souvenir of that Capitol trip to prove the point; we were the most badge bedecked couple present; badges all over our front, so many of the boys can hardly be seen.

One episode occurred which proves how much a man can change. One evening's program announced the name of some "Bishop"; we decided we would hear him (there were three simultaneous programs, one in each of three "circus" tents.) When the bishop arose to speak, we were shocked; he was a Negro. Guy was the more shocked. He whispered to me, "Bud, I'm going; I can't stand to listen to a 'nigger'." He went, but I stayed; I was curious. Later, Guy Inman became a missionary to Mexico, the Executive Secretary of the Committee on Cooperation for Latin America, a notable international statesman, whose correspondence is filed in the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., known as Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, and a world traveler. He had the ability to grow!

Christian Endeavor in the Gay Nineties decade was one of the most influential, as well as one of the the most "gay," or happy, of all the topics of discussion.

Yes, most seriously, I maintain that Christian Endeavor was one of the gayest; and not all: one of the most influential of all the topics of the Nineties more than the Cotton Palace, more than the Sam Jones Revival, Brann's *Iconoclast,* all the political campaigns, and all the rest.

What has become of Christian Endeavor? It is still a going concern, though largely transformed into different organizations. The first to break away were the Methodists. Their national leaders wanted a closer touch (and hold) on their youth movement. Miss Shirley R. Green, of Palestine, was the state President in 1894-5. At the state convention in Waco, 1895, she announced that she would not accept re-election because in loyalty to her own church, she would, hereafter, be active in the Epworth League. The Baptists next set up the Baptist Young People's Union; they never were active in C. E. One by one, the denominational leaders recognized that the training of their youth needed more specific leadership from denominational centers. The C. E. Movement and conventions continued.

One of the greatest honors I ever received was to have been elected to serve as President of the Texas Christian Endeavor Union from 1905 to 1909.

While I was a pastor, I was, for a while, a counsellor, or some such title. I had seen some senior persons who held back the youth leaders by their maturer views, so I withdrew, turning the young people's leadership to the young people. Much the same psychology, obviously, was followed by the successor of Francis E. Clark. He was a young man with a gift of eloquence, a warm heart, a well-balanced personality, who was chosen to succeed Dr. Clark, as the leader of the movement. He served with brilliance many years; he is well known in later generations as Dr. Daniel A. Poling, the influential editor of the *Christian Herald.*

## 3

# The Noisiest Christmas

BOOM!
Crack!
S-sh-sh!
Boom!

"Where's that lazy good-for-nothin' nigger janitor?"

"Sam, Sam, where are you?"

"I saw him here about two hours ago."

"You haven't seen him for the last two hours; he left here about five o'clock, a long time before dark. Man, you must be new around here. Don't you know that all niggers always get home before dark on Christmas Eve?"

"What's the big idea? There's plenty of janitor work around here for Sam to be doing till closin' time."

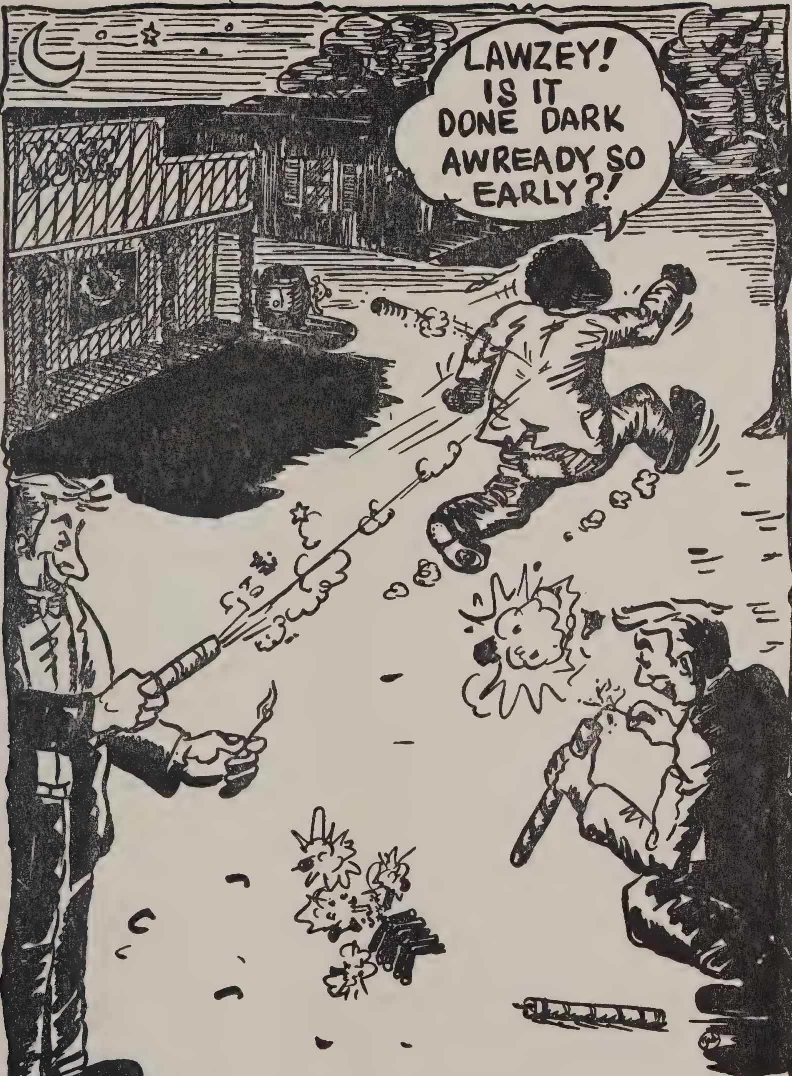
"Well, the big idea is they don't have no taste for Roman candles shooting 'em in the back, so they hike out home before dark, always, on Christmas Eve."

It was Christmas Eve, 1892, my first Christmas downtown in Texas. I was very busy at my cashier's desk in Whittinghill Jones and Goodloe's Department Store, on Austin Avenue (the main street) at Fifth, where last-minute Christmas shopping kept the store open until nine on Christmas Eve, as on Saturday nights. But when I wanted a janitor for something I was told of the custom of the town. The boys 'round town had developed the "tradition" that on Christmas Eve no "nigger" should be seen on the street after dark.

As darkness fell, all Negroes disappeared off the streets, but the noise grew and grew. Fire crackers and Roman candles filled the air everywhere. The noise seemed louder right in our block, between Fifth and Sixth, and I soon found out why. The two grocery stores in the town were located there, between Fifth and Sixth on Austin Avenue; I mean THE *two* grocery stores in the town. There were *no* neighborhood groceries. My family traded with Early's, which was on the north side of Austin; Finks was just opposite, on the south side. They both were stocked heavily with fireworks that day.

After the Negroes had all been run on home, the white boys had no one to shoot but one another. And shoot they did. One gang bought from Early, the other from Finks; and each gang fired across the street at the other. At nine o'clock the show was still going on — how long, I don't know, for I was not "one of the boys." It was the first time I had ever heard of fireworks to celebrate Christmas. They were for the Fourth of July. So I, with others of the store crowd, left for home as soon as the store was locked up. Very likely I went by an unusual route, but I got home all right.

How localized was that "tradition" about "niggers" getting off the street after dark on Christmas Eve? I never had the interest in the matter to investigate. Fireworks are still used in the south for Christmas celebration, but more and more mildly through the years. In some cities, Fort Worth for example, it is against the law to shoot off fireworks within the city limits. This is for fire protection. But every Christmas and every Fourth, when I hear a few pop-offs, I am reminded of the improvement in city manners since that far-off Gay Nineties Christmas, the noisiest Christmas I ever heard, or had.


LAWZEY! IS IT DONE DARK AWREADY SO EARLY?!

--THEY DON'T HAVE NO TASTE FOR
ROMAN CANDLES SHOOTIN' 'EM IN THE BACK--

# 4

# The Negro in the Nineties

THE ATTITUDE OF THE BOYS ABOUT TOWN TOward the Negroes, as revealed in the story about the "Noisiest Christmas" would indicate the very low regard in which the Negroes were held by the whites in that generation. As for myself in that day, I was quite naive on the subject. In Kansas there were no Negroes in our community and very few in the entire county. The only thing I remembered about those I saw at a medicine show in the County seat made me very appreciative of a remark by the Evangelist Sam Jones: "Someone asked me what I knew about the instincts of the Negro; I replied, 'I know but little about his instincts, but I could tell you a lot about his out-stinks.' " The blacks, as well as the whites, responded with an understanding loud laugh.

Gradually the contacts I had with them and remarks by whites about them gave me a comprehension of their situation. One eye-opening remark by my Sunday School teacher, James I. Moore, struck me with surprise. He was a leading citizen of the community, a real estate dealer highly respected in the community and by the boys in the class of about high school age. In the course of the regular lesson one Sunday, he said, "It is hard for the black folks to build up much recognition and respect, in view of the easy virtue of their women folks." This picture became more vividly realistic when, later, two of the boys with whom I worked closely in the store told me the stark details of a raid of theirs, along with a common friend, a bank clerk, on Saturday night, in the nearly-down-town alleys where were located the servants' houses, living quarters of the Negroes. None but women were at home that night, and their virtue was "loose." At one house were two grown women and one young black girl, who was inexperienced. She had to be cajoled by the older ones before she, with tears, would indulge. When I observed the large number of mulattoes about town, I understood their origin. The tales of the master who owned the blacks and had full authority over them in slave days, and their grown sons who held power over the black women, were not hard to understand.

At our home we had a mulatto cook. Our mother, with several children, and in poor health, had to have household help, and the place we rented had the usual servant's house. Our servant was named Loula, as I remember, and her seven-year-old son was Lewis. He was a light mulatto who had no known father. Loula was not a married woman. With this situation, it was impossible for the Negroes — unskilled, unschooled and servile — to command respect.

Yet, the relationship between the blacks and the whites was friendly and cordial. Again, Sam Jones had a story that shows the spirit. He preached to the blacks as well as the whites, and often held special services for the Negroes. He quoted one Negro "Mammy" who, complimenting him on his sermon, said, "Brudder Jones, you talks more like a nigger than a nigger talks like hisse'f; yu'se got a white face, but you sure got a black h'ah't."

Many white men and women of that generation had been nursed as babies by "black mammies." They had a love for the Negroes, as servants, but not as citizens. That was the inevitable outgrowth of the history of the case. Since that far-away day much skill and more schooling has been acquired by the Negroes; even some professions have been entered. We have come a long way, so far. What is needed now, as in most problems, is more light and less heat.

## 5

# Hustlers

YES, HUSTLERS — THE WORD THAT DESCRIBES most of the men whom I knew, and remember. Every one had a job, and had to work at it constantly. In the city they were professional men; doctors, lawyers, educators, preachers; in the rural parts, cotton farmers or cattle ranchers, mostly a combination of both. It seemed that every man — rarely women, who were home-keepers — had a job in which he had to hustle. Years later when I spent a few college years back in the old home state of Kentucky, I was surprised to observe more than a few men of along about middle age who apparently had no job. It puzzled me. I discovered that one uncle was an agent for a sewing machine company and repaired them; another kept a few cows and sold milk; another did odd repair jobs; another owned a "patch of ground" in the country, and so on. The cost of living was low, the standard of homes and clothing was not high; living was leisurely. But in the West it was different. A man with the responsibility of supporting a family — and families were rather large — had to have a definite job of some kind or other. The concept of a "retired man" had not yet been devised — much less something to retire on! This latter idea came into existence later in the decades of the 1930's as I well remember. By that time, I was in a position to bear some responsibility for ushering in plans to provide means for some employees to retire on.

In the 1890's there was no such pest as an "income tax" (hence, no "deductions" for donations), no drafting for military service, no corner grocery stores or self-service markets, no home telephones, no means of local transportation faster than the horse and buggy, no inter-urban busses, no trucks, no automobiles, few hospitals, few trolley (electric) cars, few divorce cases, few small families, few competent physicians (at least, not enough) and many sick people, many more who thought they were; few college graduates, many tramps, few rascals, many good people, few restaurants, and many boarding houses.

Usually, homes were built large, for families were usually large. The homes were always two story, and ones who could afford it made them very ornate with "ginger-bread" work profuse. But the vast run of homes were modest in expense and style. For heating purposes, cord-wood was relied upon more than coal, for the latter was rather costly. W. D. Lacy's coal yard shipped in coal from eastern Kansas and Missouri by freight; it sold, I believe, for twenty dollars a ton. If there was any gas available that early, it must have been the big "manufactured gas" in big tanks down by the railways, that always smelled as if it was leaking. Electricity had succeeded gas for lighting homes, and I remember the electric street lights, spitting and sputtering at street corners only. The same company sold ice in two-hundred-pound blocks, delivered at the house and kept in the ice-box. I never saw an electric refrigerator until much later.

Plumbing must have been in the early stages of progress then. In the modest houses we rented I am sure we had to go to the back yard, past the wood pile. Flush toilets were used, however, but in limited fashion. In the store with a hundred clerks or more and many customers, we had one flush toilet in a back room amidst much storage stuff. Never will I forget the little country boy who came running to his mother all excited, telling on his older brother: "Maw, maw, Jimmie's pee-in' in the spring." The only plumbing facility in the high school was one long building in the corner of the yard with a series of seats and one flushing string for all — wholesale. Another one for the girls, of coruse, was in another place on the campus.

Within the city, every family had a garden if there was space enough, and chickens and a cow — although milk was available delivered at the kitchen door. I knew nothing about any provisions for assuring its cleanliness and freedom from germs. Of course, every family who could afford it kept a horse and buggy or surrey.

As late as 1936, my wife contracted undulant fever from drinking raw milk. We knew all about pasteurization, to be sure, but were patronizing a neighbor who had a small dairy. We were too trustful; not conscious enough of germs. In the 1890's we were entirely unaware of the risks of raw milk; in fact, had never heard of pasteurization.

Money, in those days, came in the form of silver. There were no one-dollar bills at all. When bills did begin to be used, they printed a two-dollar bill, but it proved unnecessary and unpopular; they are now almost a collector's item. The modern shopper would be surprised the most at the lack of pennies in those days. Change was made down to the nickel only. The Mistrot store, on Eighth and Austin, first introduced the use of pennies in Waco in about 1893, I judge. It was quite a sensation. It proved a boon for the bargain seeking women, was unpopular with the clerks, and the bookkeepers; that was before the adding machine!

MONEY IN THOSE DAYS -- CAME IN THE FORM OF SILVER—

# 6

# The Wagon Yard--An Institution

THE MIGRATION OF THE HALL FAMILY FROM KENtucky, in 1883, was a part of the great Western migration that had begun soon after President Thomas Jefferson had purchased the Louisiana Territory in 1803. It took a long time to fill up the great wide-open spaces of the yawning West. Uncle Henry had the largest family, thirteen; he got a job as traveling salesman or drummer for a shoe factory in St. Joseph, Missouri; he found a small town in McPherson County (the central county), Kansas, without a general store. So his brother Robert M. Hall, my father, moved west; I was then seven years of age. The firm, R. M. and B. W. Hall and Company, did well until the three-year period of drought and chinch bugs destroyed all crops. The farmers loaded up their families and goods in their wagons and hauled them off to Indian Territory where the government was giving away farms and city lots to those who would cultivate them. But my father was not a farmer.

He moved to Waco, Texas, where a few old Kentucky neighbors had gone and reported it inviting. A small portion of the luggage the farmers had left in the hands of the merchant consisted of three horses: Bill, a beautiful, stocky bay; Darby, a long, lean, hard, sorrel; and Nig, a smaller, long-maned, long-tailed, beautiful riding pony. This much bulky "baggage" required the leasing of a box-car on the train to Texas, in which my older brother and a cousin rode to look after the livestock. One motive for taking the horses along to Texas was the expectation of operating a wagon yard. Those old Kentucky friends had suggested it.

The wagon yard, in that generation, was an essential institution in a Texas town. The farmers who just hitched their teams in front of the stores at the hitching racks had become too numerous; besides, the farmer often wanted to stay over night. So wagon yards became necessary, and were flourishing in the nineties; along with the livery stables, which, of course, were also flourishing as the center of the town's loafing places. The farmer usually brought along enough bedding to be unrolled on the sleeping floor inside, or even under or in his own wagon. A small camp fire somewhere in the yard was not so unusual. Of course, he could always find plenty of chili and hot tamales down on the square at night. The Mexicans with their tall, wide sombreros, and frequently with shawls over the shoulder — even in hot weather — were a unique sight to us newcomers. A Mexican we had never seen before. They pushed small, box-like carts about over the town with the cry "hot tamales" to attract attention, but never in a hurry, you could be sure.

Well, of course, the wagon yard went the way of many another institution, high brow as well as common class.

Father never did get into the wagon yard business; he found something better, and Bill and Darby were "hired out" for hauling. Meanwhile, Bill, Darby, and Nig were "eating their heads off," so Bill and Darby were put out to pasture. When I came, several months after the rest of the family, I was sent, on Nig, to get the other horses from the pasture, and thereby had my education broadened by becoming acquainted with a variety of Texas "pasture." I was directed to ride south on Second street a certain number of miles past some certain obvious landmarks and I would find the pasture on the left. All signs turned up as predicted — except the wide open prairie with luscious grass, which was, in my experience, a pasture. There was nothing in that location but a huge peach orchard. Of course, there were no peaches, but that was not strange, for it was September. I later learned it was a mesquite pasture! Theoretically, the cattle could chew the mesquite beans after the grass dried up. In later years I learned that the cattle did that only as a last resort, and that the mesquite tree was a burden to the land. I saw hundreds of acres of them being burned down with the help of kerosene or gasoline, or pulled up by powerful machines.

A recent experience illustrated to me this change: we drove from Coleman, north-east on highway 283, some thirty-nine miles, to Baird. On both sides of the highway, almost all the way, was what had been native mesquite pasture; less than half had been abandoned as pasture land; much of it had the timber from dead trees piled up waiting to be burned. A portion, probably a fourth, was already plowed ground, in use for planting crops. That land was being freed from an early burden, ready to grow crops.

"The Square," referred to above, was a feature of every Texas town, and still is. Its usual feature is the County Court House, with the tower clock; but in Waco it was the City Hall. Hitching posts all around the square made it a favored center for farmers and the Mexican tamale vendors at night. The buildings were the older ones; but the "better" stores had built uptown, between Fourth and Eighth. The farmer trade still centered about the square. If you had asked a farmer why he traded at one of these older stores, he would probably reply that he had been "furnished" by that store for many years, and could not transfer his trade to another, even if he desired, because he was in debt to it, and couldn't get free.

That was a frequent report which I heard once in a while, but didn't understand until one year, when I had business which took me down to the square, where I got an inside view of the situation. My employers at the department store on Fifth and Main had come to Waco about 1893, but they had a kinsman who had been in business on the square for many years. While I was the bookkeeper for the newer firm, the older one got into some complication, either in a business way or involving some legal procedures, which required an audit of the store down on the square. By that experience I learned the inside of the "furnishing" system. The merchant would make an agreement in the spring to furnish the dry goods, clothing and groceries for the farmer, on credit, until he could sell his crop in the fall.

GOTTA FIX THIS LEAKY WAGON-

THE FARMER USUALLY BROUGHT ALONG ENOUGH BEDDING TO BE UNROLLED---UNDER HIS OWN WAGON.

Then often he would take his cotton crop in as payment, and do the selling of the cotton himself. That was a general practice. Many merchants bought cotton in that way. But the merchant who "furnished" a man's entire living expenses had a hold on the farmer's entire crop. He had the farmer at his mercy. An unscrupulous merchant could very easily arrange matters so the customer would be in debt to him at the end of crop season, in the fall. Then the customer could not change to another merchant. It was easy for the merchant to figure him in debt; an extra price on a few items, an extra interest charge for delayed settlement, which the "fine print" in the original contract would allow, and the farmer was tied tight. The practice of the plan varied with the ethics or the mercy of the merchant. But many a farmer felt enslaved, and some merchants took advantage of the system. Yet most of the merchants were honorable and "carried" the customers with fairness.

## 7

# My One Year in the Waco High School

THE CHIEF ATTRACTION IN OUR MOVE TO WACO, to me personally, was the understanding that I would be able to attend high school, a facility which was lacking in the town of Windom, Kansas. It was that prospect that induced me to leave my good job in Kansas, in September, 1891. I hitched my black riding pony "Nig" in the corner of the campus of the little old high school building on Fourth and Webster, and showed up midst the city kids, being myself an awkward small village boy from "up North." Fortunately for me, I soon recognized a few young people whom I knew, at least slightly: the Moore girls and Banton, from the Sunday school where I had already reported, and the Whittinghill girls who were new in town also, just having moved in from Kentucky.

But the most assurance I felt when I met the principal. He was Professor Gamble, who also turned out to be my Latin teacher. I was overjoyed when I learned that I was to enter the class in first year Latin. I had dreamed of that, but did not expect it so soon. Professor Gamble proved to be a teacher of first rank and an educator of high grade ability. Later, I learned that he had attended Add-Ran University at Thorp Spring, of which at that time I was unaware. He made the classical language interesting and attractive, hence easy to learn. The foundation was well laid by that first year's course, a fact which I appreciated much at the time and much more later when I had become a teacher of Latin myself. Professor Gamble, obviously, was ahead of his time. He was studying a problem that is very much alive in the twentieth century — the adapting of the classes to the differing abilities and aptitudes of pupils. His plan was very simple. He announced that, after a few weeks, a certain list of students would be allowed to enroll for a fifth course, so as to graduate in three years instead of four. There are other schemes, I know, but this was a good start. I did not learn the basis of the selection, and did not bother to inquire; I was in the selected list. But I was not fortunate enough to finish in three years, for I was able to attend only one year.

One man did a good job of teaching algebra, which was a new subject to me, somewhat puzzling, but welcome. One good lady teacher lived on South Eighth Street, but her name has slipped out of recalling. But Miss Belle Edmonds, I remember well. Her subject was science; she presented botany with a charm that made it attractive, by bringing to class specimens of various plants, including flowers. So my one year of high school was a joy and a blessing. The numbers of students did not bulk so high as in the present day, but the quality of teaching was excellent, chiefly because they had a good quality of teachers.

The other high school subjects I covered either in the Preparatory Department of College, or by previous private coaching while I was working in the store. My coaching in English rhetoric and composition I received from M. H. Brashear, an Add-Ran student.

That was before high school "credits" were standardized and required. But if they had prevailed in that day, I might have gotten credit on entrance into college for the subject of bookkeeping, also, for I enrolled under Mr. Edwin Toby, for the study of that subject, a year or two before he started the later famous Toby's Business College in Waco. He was a teller in the Provident National Bank, and took on a group of young men who were working in the several stores downtown, for a course in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. I learned of it soon after he offered the first course, and enrolled in the second group. We met in an upstairs room on South Fourth Street. I had been turned down from one job that I applied for, on the ground of poor penmanship. Once was enough. Then I aspired to a better job than cashier. Soon after my evening sessions with Mr. Toby, the bookkeeper for Mr. Neumegen made too many mistakes to please the boss, so he fired him and asked me if I could keep books. He set me to figure out the errors of the former bookkeeper; which I did. They were mostly in addition. That was before the days of the adding machine. I assured him I could add — and I proved it. I got the promotion. How rejoiced was I that I had studied in the evenings!

So far, I had made my own way by working, and did not intend to change that attitude, so I applied for a job as newspaper carrier, which I could hold while attending high school. That was readily done; Mr. Linthicum was the manager of the city circulation, a very genial gentleman. Of course I used as transportation over a scattered route "Nig," my long-tailed black riding pony, to give him a chance to earn his feed. I also rode "Nig" (he was so named up North) to Central High School on Fourth and Webster, then each afternoon to the printing shop on Franklin Street, thence out on my route on Columbus, Barnard, and all points west — so it proved to be. That "all points west" turned out to be widely scattered, and in the winter time, *cold*. Practically, I learned nearly all the city routes, so I could pinch hit for other boys when they fell down on Mr. Linthicum. It was enjoyable work; I had many a daydream while riding over the prairies on the edges of town; for example, on the eastern side of Belle's Hill and out southwest where Sanger Avenue later came to be.

## 8

# The Scintillating Sunday School

THE ORGANIZATION THAT AT ONE TIME MADE the claim, and could prove it, that it was the largest international world-wide organization in the wide, wide world — the Sunday School — was one of the most energetic in the Southwest during the 1890's. It had the capacity of developing out of its ranks laymen of superb leadership. The most notable of these on the national and international scene was Marion Lawrence, a dynamic leader, well balanced, and who proved to be a powerful and well beloved leader. Texas raised up one very similar, W. N. Wiggings, of Dallas, who became the general executive of the American Sunday School Association for Texas.

That same pattern of leadership was developed in many a local Sunday School of the several denominations, in the person of the local Sunday School superintendents. In that generation, I must say that the Sunday School superintendent was usually the outstanding personality in any local congregation. The only exception would be the pastor. And often, the former would have more influence and authority of personality than the latter; for he had charge of the rising generation in the congregation, and then he could turn himself loose, unhampered by the claims of dignity. It was my privilege, as a very young man — before twenty — to be the treasurer of the State-wide Association of Sunday

Schools, of the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ) of Texas, for the support of the Sunday School Evangelist, who was, at that time, J. H. "Bob" Banton, of Waco. That is how I happened to get into the state-wide position, so young and unknown; I was a friend and younger (by six years) associate of Bob's in the Waco church. That Sunday School Association of the Disciples, by the way, had organized and was supporting an evangelist in the field almost before the older brethren had gotten their missionary society going. Bob had taken a leave of absence from his law practice, which he was just getting started, to serve in this fulltime layman job as leader of the Texas churches' Sunday School work. That fact in itself is some indication of the importance of the Sunday School in the minds of the people. (By the way, Bob Banton was no small shakes as a lawyer. Later, he moved to New York City and became the District Attorney there.) Bob was not even the local superintendent of the Sunday School; that position was already filled by his brother-in-law, Will S. Blackshear.

Now there was a personality impressive and unforgettable! He was tall, (six feet and several inches) lean, and bubbling over with energy. In that day the Sunday School superintendent started off the Sunday morning program of the local congregation at 9:30, with the opening exercises. He was the song leader, and often had an orchestra of several instruments to accompany. He had the knack of getting *en rapport* with the children. I still remember one jingle he taught all the kids; a formula for the Sunday morning at home:

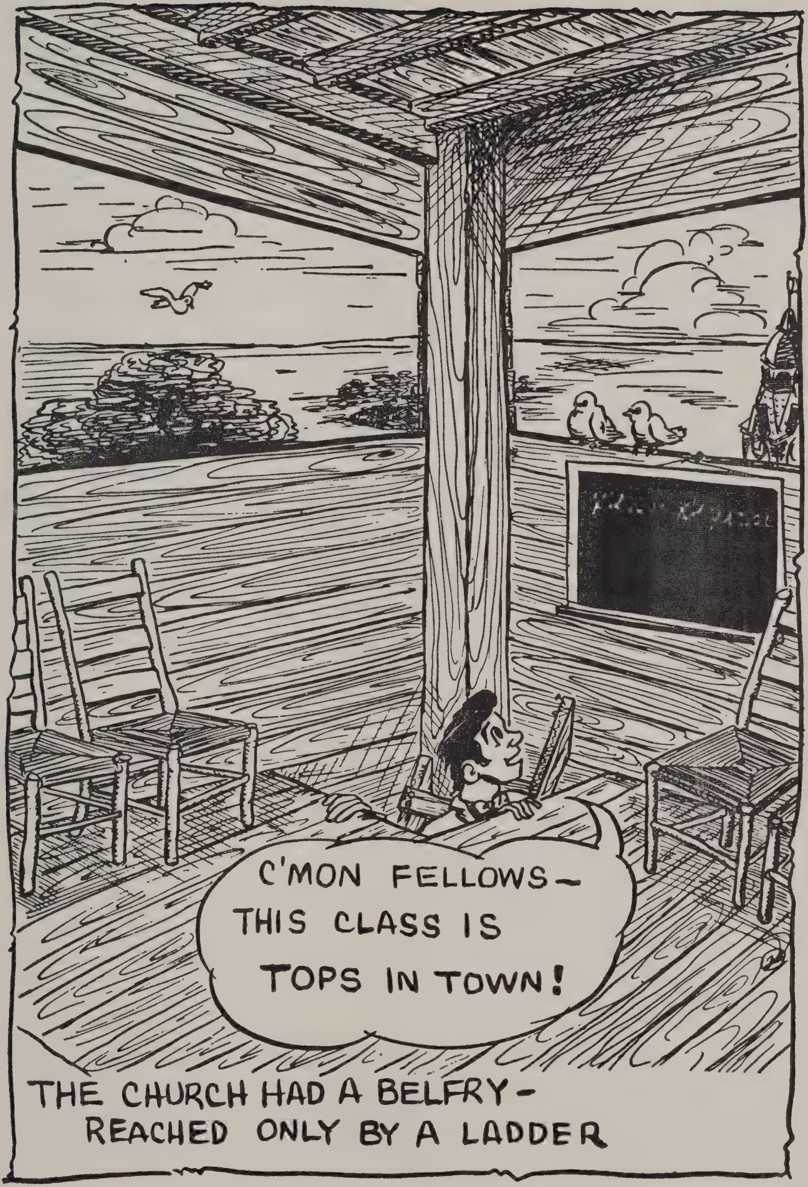
"Get up; wash your face; get your nickel;
Put on your clothes; get your breakfast;
Come to Sunday School!"

He had lots of fun with the kids about getting in that "get your nickel," whether before or after "wash your face." Silly, wasn't it? But it got the attention of the little ones, believe me.

Blackshear was a travelling salesman, "drummer" as then known; but he always got home on Sunday. His steady job was with a wholesale drug firm, but he ventured into other lines occasionally. One enthusiastic friend of his said rather boastingly, "Will Blackshear can sell anything in the world — provided he believes in it." A more skeptical neighbor sarcastically commented, when Will sold some Mexican mining stocks that did not pan out, "Yes, but he's too easily persuaded to believe in it."

One of his tricks as superintendent was to offer prizes, especially for bringing in new pupils. Later he moved to New York City. He had bought the patent right to a "patent medicine" that was a "wonder," in which he believed. He advertised throughout Texas, and still needed a larger clientele, so he moved to the metropolis where he could reach more multitudes. When he got there, they recognized his genuis in handling a Sunday School and made him the superintendent. New Yorkers did not have as large families as Texans, many fewer children. That didn't faze Will Blackshear. He began to plug for the children on the streets, from any families. One time he announced: "To any person who brings in one new pupil, I will give a sack of pecans." The kids weren't interested. They did not understand. They had never heard of a pecan. Some New Yorker called Brother Blackshear's attention to the New York pronunciation of the succulent nut. "Tell them you'll give them a sack of 'pecan nuts,' and see what they will say." He did so, and received loud acclaim, and many new pupils.

When Brother Blackshear left for the East, they drafted as superintendent a bundle of bustling energy, Sam Hamilton — a bachelor at that time. He had learned shorthand out at old Add-Ran at Thorp Spring in the country, and was employed by the Rotan Wholesale Grocery Company. He was a whiz at taking dictation, and soon became very valuable for more elevated jobs — wound up running a wholesale business of his own. He was not tall like Blackshear, but was full of energy. The kids all liked him. One of the techniques of these men, both of them, was to enlist laymen as teachers, whether they ranked themselves as capable or not. That is one lesson I learned from them, and I have used it many a time. One of them worked it on me. He came to me and said, "We have had trouble with too many 'bad boys' in several classes; I'm taking all the 'bad boys' out of all those classes, and making a new class out of them; I want you to be the teacher." At the time I was a Freshman in college, and willing to undertake most anything. The church had a belfry


C'MON FELLOWS— THIS CLASS IS TOPS IN TOWN!
THE CHURCH HAD A BELFRY— REACHED ONLY BY A LADDER

tower that was used only by the pigeons as a roost; it was reached only by a ladder which the girls were not permitted to use. "The very thing for boys," I thought. And the boys agreed with the idea. We hustled up that ladder, cleaned out the pigeon signs, carried some chairs up there — and had a nest all our own. I was studying my first year of Greek, and had learned a phrase which could be interpreted as "Gentlemen," wrote it on the blackboard and proposed it as our class motto, meaning to behave like Christian gentlemen. The boys took to it with vim. We became fast friends. There were no more "bad boys." There are no "bad boys" if you can get hold of them soon enough with good influences.

Will Blackshear died in Brownsville, Texas, and I conducted his funeral in Waco; Sam ran a wholesale grocery in El Paso until he died there. I have conducted the funerals of several of those boys, and had the joy of making teachers out of several of the others.

That Sunday School back in the Nineties was not run scientifically, or pedagogically, its organization was practical and its psychology was common sense; it was not modern. It was noisy and blustery; but it turned many a lad and lassie in the right direction for a good, useful, and happy life.

## 9

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# Religion in the "Gay Nineties"

TO PEOPLE LIVING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWENtieth century, the 1890's seem a long time ago, and considering the fast tempo of change in our century, it must be long ago. Of course it was not B. C. (Before Christ), but it was actually B. F. (Before Fundamentalism). For this ultra-conservatism, which has run a line of division, more or less distinct, through every major denomination of Protestantism today, was not known in the 1890's. As fundamentalism it broke out to public attention first in New York City in 1903. I was present in that notable gathering and listened to most of the addresses, with an open ear and open mind, being a student in Columbia University at the time. Out of that rally came a series of small paper-back books, entitled "Fundamentalism," enunciating the points held by the group. These were published several years later in a series, through the generosity of several unnamed laymen, and were distributed *gratis* to the clergymen of America. My copies are still in my library. Recently, I read through them again, sketchily.

These earnest-hearted brethren were pleading — rather demanding — a return to the old-time interpretation of the Bible that had prevailed generally before the age of science and scholarship. To them, the Bible was a "level" book; the passage meant the same thing without regard to the circumstances of the author, the age or the concepts of those addressed: it must be literally and verbally true because it was inspired. All interpretations that might be modified by the facts of the original languages, original documents, or any views of ancient notions of science were rejected. Their polemics were especially bitter against the "higher criticism" of modern scholarship. They utilized the power of oratory and of humor. I remember one story used by a speaker at the aforementioned rally in New York. The story was about a sailor who had been assigned the duty of steering the ship during the night. The Captain pointed out one particularly bright star to guide by. The hours were long, quiet, and lonesome; the lad dozed off to sleep. While he dozed, the ship went astray; when the lad waked up the pattern of the stars had changed. He couldn't find the star he was given as a guide. In distress, he called to the Captain, "Give me another star; we've already passed that one." That was applied to the "higher critics." The joke brought down the house.

Now my former Bible teacher, Brother J. W. McGarvey, was himself a master at the art of condemning the higher critics; he conducted a column in the conservative *Christian Standard* in which he specialized in that subject, yet he had taught us that "lower criticism" was textual criticism in which the expert criticized (carefully studied) the ancient texts; while "higher criticism" carefully studied (criticized) the interpretations. So the fundamentalists did not get me much excited, although I felt some sympathy with them. My faith in the Bible does not waver with the quarrels of conservatives and liberals; it goes much deeper than such variables.

In later generations, I had some good friends among the fundamentalists, even among the leaders; including the outstanding notable bell-weather, Dr. J. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth. (His three sons were in T. C. U. under my Deanship.) We agreed to disagree on theological points and retained our warm friendship.

But during the 1890's there were no ruffled waters over fundamentalism. The conservative views had been taken for granted so long and scientific views were so young that the older views were largely just assumed.

EARNEST-HEARTED BRETHREN WERE
PLEADING—RATHER DEMANDING......

There was an exception to this general statement, however. The question of evolution was widely discussed. Charles Darwin had published his epoch-making volume *The Origin of Species* in 1859; by 1890 it had gotten down to popular interest. But only scientists read the book; most folks had just heard about it. The popular impression was the he claimed that man had descended from monkeys; that was enough to start a laugh. And among dogmatic-minded defenders of the Bible (those who thought it needed defending), it was enough to start a war. My own impression was that the Bible did not need defending; so I was led to question the solidity of the basis of faith in the Bible of those who fought evolution so bitterly, when they had so little knowledge of evolution — or any science.

My teachers at Add-Ran (1896-99) did not discuss evolution, but in my first year in Kentucky University (1899-1900), my professor in the sciences, geology especially, was a specialist as an anti-evolutionist. He announced to the class, "If you expect to pass this course, you will have to buy a copy of my book." Fortunately, he was also a humorist! His book, *My Good Poems,* I did buy — and passed the course. I could understand some of them. Hence, they weren't much, as poetry. He never did give up his expectation of demolishing the theory of evolution, and I never did get much excited about it.

The controversy which was more interesting, and involved me, was the one in my own church communion (denomination). That issue — opposition to the use of organs and missionary societies by the churches — came to a head in 1906, but it was boiling in the preceding decade. (In 1906 some brethren of the Churches of Christ, of Nashville, persuaded the directors of the United States census report to list their anti-organ local congregations separately from the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ). There was no other act of division, because there was no central organized body with authority to act; both groups were organized on a basis of strictly congregational authority. I was fully committed to the doctrine of following the Bible (New Testament) as full authority, and was normally conservative. But I found no New Testament teaching forbidding the use of organs in worship; in fact I knew, from history, that in the first century, organs had not yet been invented, hence could not be, and were not, condemned. Likewise, I knew the New Testament strongly urged evangelism of all peoples of the earth, but gave no directions and no limitations as to methods to be used, so I concluded that such methods were left up to the ingenuity of man.

Now, my father was inclined to be very conservative and strove to follow the New Testament teachings very closely. He had conceived a feeling of opposition to the violin while we lived in Kansas; it was then just a "fiddle" used on one occasion only; that was for public dances. There were only a few men in the neighborhood who could "play the fiddle" and they could not get up a good rhythm until they were warmed up with liquor. We were all strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor and all the devilment that attended its use, hence, opposed to dancing. When we went to the Central Christian Church in Waco, we found a Sunday night service with a magnificent musical program, attractive and worshipful. The minister's wife was director of the choir, one daughter was organist, and another played the violin beautifully. By this program my father was surprised; by the "fiddle" in church, he was shocked! But after trying it for a year or so he concluded: "The devil has had the fiddle long enough, it's time for the Lord to use it some."

A famous law suit was held in 1897 in the District Court in Waco over possession of the property of the Christian church house in McGregor. The progressives had held a protracted meeting, using the organ. The conservatives locked them out of the building; the progressives entered suit for possession. Their lawyer was W. K. Homan, a shrewd combination lawyer-preacher-editor (of the state paper, the *Christian Courier*). He won the case, and the presiding judge, Marshall Surratt, asked him to write the report of the case. Our pastor, F. N. Calvin, was a star witness. While a student in Add-Ran College, I attended the sessions of that trial. This was just a sample of several similar local contests. It was not at all edifying nor conducive to spiritual growth. I just "lay low" and prayed. In a later decade, while I was pastor of that same Central Christian Church in Waco, the preacher of the North and Tenth Street Church of Christ challenged me to a debate. I replied by inviting him to preach to my Sunday night congregation (in the summer, out-of-doors), with a sermon by me to his congregation in return. I did not mention the points of difference between us. We both preached, rather than debated.

That divergence resulted in a real division, and still continues, unfortunately. Most of the country churches went conservative, and with the normal movement of population from farm to town, the conservative churches have grown. Obviously, it was as much a split in customs as in religion.

It was a period in which American people held in high valuation the right of freedom of opinion, and many had a tendency to dogmatic opinion rather than faith. Hence, there were splits in several of the denominations.

The Baptists had a split over state missionary organization methods. It was known as the Hayden split, and was not permanent. In later decades they had many independent congregations over "fundamentalism."

One of the most virile and influential denominations that has largely dropped out of the picture by name, was the Cumberland Presbyterians. In that day they were one of the most aggressive, popular and liberal of all. They were leaders in the Christian Endeavor movement and all general drives for good. They were also early in Texas and throughout the frontier. Their Trinity University at Tehaucana, later at Waxahachie (now at San Antonio), was among the best of colleges. In 1906 they and the Presbyterian U. S. A. united, and their zeal is now manifest in this combined communion, although a remnant still keeps the name and activity of the denomination alive. It was during this decade that I observed a change in attitudes in religion which became full of meaning to me only in the after years. As a lad of eight, I started Sunday School in a Methodist Church (the only one in the community, which had grown out of a union Sunday School). Then, I was impressed with the Methodists as exceedingly emotional. Their sermons, according to general reports, consisted largely of "death bed stories." Their revivals were of the mourner's bench type with much crying, pleading and intense "feelings." How much there was to it, I never stopped to see, but the saying was abroad that the young people "cried themselves into the church every winter and danced themselves out every summer." To be sure, the fact that my family were so-called "Campbellites" made me sensitive to this view.

This same exaltation of "feelings" was apparent in the First Methodist church at Waco, when I became somewhat acquainted with it in the 1890's. One of their laymen, a business man, I came to know right well. He was an upright, clean, honorable citizen; the manager of an express company. He was built just right, I then thought, to be a Methodist, for he was full of emotion, in fact, overflowing. His "amens" and "hallelujahs" were ready to overflow at any time. His nephew was a different type. I knew the latter very well, as a fellow employee in the department store. The nephew was a regular rounder. He was honest, all right, and sober (most of the time), but his ideas of sex were entirely too loose. But "Brother Hawkins" the elder, was a good man whom I respected. I assumed him to be typical of all the Methodists, though doubtless they were not all so emotional as he. Still, that was a characteristic of them.

Then I observed a decided change gradually occurring. It was a decline of emotionalism in the Methodists. The change, of course, was general, and I suppose, a natural development, but I saw it happen locally. About this time (in 1894) the Methodists held a great revival in Waco on a mammoth scale. They invited the renowned Southern Methodist Evangelist, Sam Jones, to do the preaching. It was a Methodist meeting, but characteristically, they invited all other churches to join in. All accepted, I think, except the Baptists (who were strong enough to "go it alone"). My church was in, and no pastor worked more faithfully in it than ours, and the members. I was a member of the choir, and sat on the platform of the big tabernacle (an old cotton shed down on South Second Street). I enjoyed that meeting very much, as did my pastor, Brother F. N. Calvin, for Sam Jones was a sort of independent thinker, an experienced man among men with a very practical viewpoint. He was not restrained by any orthodox view of Methodism or Calvinism. Here is a characteristic expression to illustrate. Sam Jones said in his appeal for "seekers" to come forward to the front mourning benches, "A lot of you guys are sitting back there waiting for the Lord to strike you down and convert you like he did the Apostle

Paul. Now let me tell you, fellows. The Lord ain't wasting any such ammunition on you. He doesn't use cannon balls to shoot peewees. What you need to do is get up and confess Him, follow Him; and the feeling will take care of itself."

I saw a little Methodist preacher on the platform, squirming and grumbling half under his breath and half aloud, "It ain't that way at all. He's got it all wrong." I didn't know him, but I knew his son; he was my friend. The boy respected his father and so did I, but I knew Sam Jones was right. My pastor had been teaching that very idea to many of the mourners in the front rows, night after night, as he passed among them, with his New Testament in his hand.

Another illustration he used was a clincher against the concept of conversion by "feelings," rather than by faith and obedience. He said: "A man hired a worker to chop down some trees. He took the workman into the woods, showed him a tree, gave him a sharp axe, then left him to do the chopping. Later, he returned to check on the man. He found the workman, sitting on a stump, with the axe across his knees, just sitting there! The boss exclaimed, 'Why aren't you at work chopping?' The man replied, 'Every man I ever saw chopping down a tree had up a sweat; I'm waiting till I get to sweating, then I'll go to chopping.' The boss replied, 'You fool, get to work chopping, and the sweat will take care of itself.' " That was the end of the discussion.

Others than Sam Jones must have been preaching along the same lines. The Methodists gradually left off the emphasis on feelings.

I saw where the emphasis went. It went to the "Holiness" people. A certain man in Waco whom I knew only by sight, was highly respected in the business world as a sincere, sensible, dependable man. He was a salesman for one of the wholesale groceries and he was a leader of the "Holiness" church people. He made them respectable. They held meetings in the brush arbors over in East Waco every summer. Many of us youths would attend just for the "show." The shouting of the mourners was indeed a show to us. They took over the emotional feature of revival aims and carried it on. Many sects have sprung up among this type. One is "The Assembly of God." Years later, as a teacher of preachers, I had in my classes one of their preachers. He was a Dean of one of their Junior colleges. In talking with him about their educational plans he remarked to me, as a friend, and an educator, that their Bishops were pushing the educational provisions and requirements for their preachers to higher and higher standards. Then, in a somewhat confidential tone, he added, "But they are getting somewhat concerned lest the preachers, if they get too much education, might lose their zeal."

The Methodist is a stronger, better church with its better educated preachers, and its balanced members. The other day a young Southern Baptist preacher was inquiring of me, "When is T. C. U. going to offer the doctor's degree?" I gently suggested that a pastor did not need a doctor's; it was too technical for the purpose. He replied, "It's getting so, these days, that a Baptist preacher can hardly get a pulpit unless he has a doctor's degree." My reply was, "I cannot believe that."

At least this much I know: in the Gay Nineties, it was not so.

Did I have any associations with the Baptists in that decade? How could one live in Waco without that association? The Baptists were there in a huge majority before the Amicable building. And after that, as you know and as already stated, the definition of Waco has been, "a lonesome spire surrounded by Baptists."

One of my fellow-students in Central High School was one of the most Baptistic of all Baptists — and of one of the most Confederate families, too. James (never Jim) Eastland. It was through this refined southern family that I first discerned the spirit of the "old South." But my Baptist contacts were also in the higher brackets. One was the venerable President of Baylor University. While working in the department store, I was dreaming of going to college. My choice was Add-Ran, out at Thorp Spring. But that was a dream; saving money was slow. I might have to compromise on Baylor nearer home. So I wrote Baylor for a catalog, giving the store as my address. One day there came into the store an elderly gentleman of kindly mien, tall, spare, stooped, asking for "Miss Colby Hall." (My penmanship must have been effeminate.) After wandering around the store for some time he finally got to me. The President of the University, seeking students! That is an old-fashioned custom, when chief executives really had to do whatever had to be done!

Then I can claim that I was a fellow-pastor with Dr. George W. Truett. More realistically, the fact is that my first pastorate (student) was the East Waco Christian Church. At the same time a Baylor student, George Truett, was pastor of the East Waco Baptist Church. We did not meet in those days; he was much older than I; both of us were crowded for time. The later years brought us together many times, with good fellowship. I have some good stories of that; but that was after the Gay Nineties.

In the Gay Nineties, Waco was a wide-open town; temptations were many. I have often wondered how it came to pass that I landed on the better side of the choices. The best that I can ferret out of my memory of those adolescent days of choices works with me about this way.

At the age of sixteen, I made the confession of faith in Christ, pledged my allegiance to Him as my Leader and Savior. Many a time, when I was tempted to go with the gaudy crowd into the saloon and worse, I thought of that commitment to Christ. I was pledged to a better life than that. I never did feel at home in a bar. I was at home in Sunday School and church. These were my kind of people. I had a high respect for my father and his principles. My love for my mother was genuine and deep, though not effusive, nor oft enough expressed. These good influences in my life most assuredly held me in line. That memory makes me tenderly sympathetic with any lad whose father does not win or deserve his son's respect.

One of my boy friends, the son of a Methodist evangelist (the one referred to in the Sam Jones meeting, by the way) opened up his heart to several of us boys one day, about like this: "Whenever I stand up to a saloon bar and look in the mirror I always see my mother's face looking back at me, rebuking me."

The difference with me was that I did not look into that saloon mirror. I didn't get that far. A saloon was "anathema" to me, my very impulses resented it. The only time I ever entered a saloon was when I delivered a newspaper or some other merchandise. The same experience held for a bawdy house.

One Baptist whom I came to know was the famous, distinguished theologian, Dr. B. H. Carroll. My girl friend and I attended the First Baptist Church at Fourth and Mary many a time. During one series of sermons there, I took practically a full course in Southern Baptist theology from listening to his sermon series. Doubtless I could pass an examination on the subject about as well as the average student of the course. What I did not get then, I absorbed later from the textbook of my beloved friend and fellow-worker, Dr. W. T. Conner. Dr. B. H. Carroll was one of the finest specimens of physical stature I have ever known. His height, broad shoulders and the whole frame in proportion, his belt-length beard, made him appear Moses-like. He had one great advantage over a person in his presence. He was deaf. He did the talking, others listened. Dr. Carroll came to Fort Worth, as the founder of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, the year T. C. U. moved there (1910). He was not the kind of person you could become familiar with, but with the three succeeding Presidents of the Seminary I have been on terms of familiar friendship and with many of the Seminary faculty.

With the Presbyterians in Waco, in those days, I had not much association. Dr. S. A. King, the venerable minister of the First Presbyterian church, was hallowed by his forty years as its minister. I venerated him, as did others, but seldom heard him. One member of that congregation I did contact. He was a fellow high school student and a fellow gymnast in the Y. M. C. A. I asked him one time how he reconciled the doctrine of predestination with free choice and so on. His reply stopped the conversation right there, and stopped my regard for the doctrine. It was: "I never worry about it, my church teaches it and I just swallow it."

With the Cumberland Presbyterians, however, I had a close personal and social association. Two facts contributed to this association. Their church house was just one block from Central Christian, and they were very active in the Christian Endeavor movement.

So it was not a narrow groove in which my young days were developed.

# 10

# Contrary Winds

NOT ALL THE WINDS BLEW TOWARD THE SUNday School, Christian Endeavor and protracted meetings – not by a "long shot." Some of the first impressions I received, by rumor, about Waco consisted of gossip about the saloons, gambling halls, and even the "Reservation." The latter was a section of residence property on North Second Street a couple of blocks north of the square, in which prostitution was legalized, by licensing. Often times some of the "ladies" of that district would come into the store, shopping. Several of the boys in the store, being acquainted down there, would inevitably pass the word around. Some of the boys could recognize the "ladies" by their highly rouged cheeks, which in that day, was considered a sure indication. When I inquired about the legality of the reservation, I was assured by one who thought he was versed in law, "You can't license a crime." But one man was watching the situation and knew better; Brann did not fail to lambaste the respectable and supposedly religious community that would legalize prostitution.

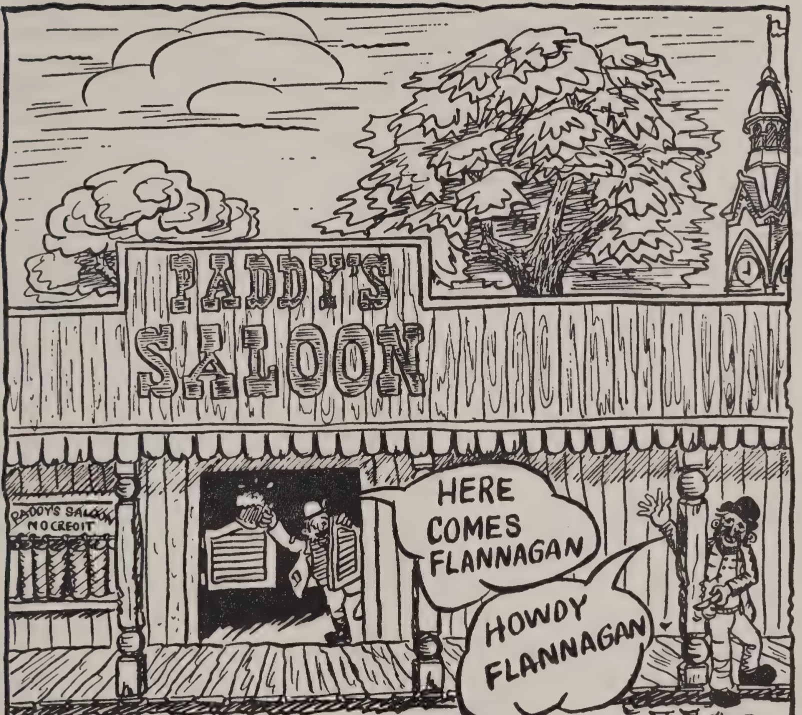
After I had lived there a while, I discovered that all of these "dregs" of the town were active, influential, and indeed, in general recognized, and in some cases defended as indications of the prosperity and progress of the ctiy.

This later phase of endorsement applied especially to the liquor saloons, where all sorts of intoxicating liquors were on sale by the drink or by the bottle, available to any one legally, except minors. Ladies were often seen in saloons, but, if so, they were assumed to be not the respected sort; probably inhabitants of the Reservation. But on the whole, so far as I could discern, the business men in general looked upon the liquor business as respectable and essential. Many businesses were intertwined with it, others sold on it. Some thought it was essential to good prosperity. Many business men went to the saloon for a drink regularly, others frequently. I knew one old Irishman; a clerk in a store away west on Austin, who took his trot to his particular saloon every morning, soon after the day's opening of the store. Treating at the bar was common. Politicians would "set 'em up" freely; the Brass Band after every parade would wind up the parade at the bar for a treat. I knew some boys who got their shove down hill by this very "treat." Not only the politicians, for the sake of votes, but lawyers, clerks and business men for the sake of trade would toady to the saloon patronage. A highly respectable business man could walk into a saloon without hesitation, although most top men would not. Quite a contrast with that attitude was the remark I got from a policeman some years later after prohibition had abolished the saloon, then repeal had brought it back. He remarked on how few liquor selling places were to be found on his beat, right down in town. "Why so few?" I asked. His reply was, "Because a decent, respectable business man is ashamed or afraid to be seen going in to those places." Yes, the tide changed later, but in the Gay Nineties, the tide was running strongly in favor of the bottle. A that time the liquor forces and their allies were "riding high in the saddle."

To be sure, the churches were numerous and active — and influential. But they did not have all the say so. Infidels were to be numbered by the score — and infidelity had a voice. The voice was a periodical published in Waco, by the name (if my memory serves me rightly) *The Free Thinker.* The editor of this free-lance was Mr. Shaw, a very capable, well-educated gentleman. He was generally regarded as an infidel, not merely an agnostic; a follower of Bob Ingersoll rather than of Tom Paine.

My first knowledge of this gentleman was through his son, Tye Shaw, who was my fellow student in high school. He was also a fellow paper-carrier — even a newsboy, hawking papers on the street. For a while, following my policy of learning all the several routes, I handled the downtown route, on Austin Avenue, including the St. Charles saloon. Tye Shaw had that route, and, of course, taught it to me. So we worked together for several weeks. While delivering the papers to regular customers, he also sold copies to anyone who would buy. So he had to shout out loud his cry, "Paper, paper," etc. That part of the job was new to me and Tye claimed I was awkward at it. And I was; but I improved with practice. Well, the years passed, as did Editor Shaw, and then I learned that Tye Shaw became his father's successor as editor. I was sure that Tye would be as awkward as the editor of an infidel paper as I was as a news hawk, for he was such a nice, reasonable guy. The paper faded out, but I know not when. Also, its followers faded.

With me, it seems that in those days, I assumed that any man who came to be a disbeliever in God and religion must have suffered sometime along his way a calamity, a disappointment or some other tragedy that had given him a twisted viewpoint. I still hold to that assumption. I knew nothing about the background of the elder Shaw, and did not inquire. So years later I was surprised to learn that he had previously been the pastor of the First Methodist Church in Waco. No wonder he had such a loyal following in that community! The best I can figure out is that he was an alert thinker, and had become somewhat familiar with the scientific discoveries of the scholars, later to be known as "The higher critics," and had looked with favor on some of the theories. As told elsewhere, in this story, the "fundamentalists" were not yet born in the last decade of the nineteenth century, that is, not by that organization or name. But there were plenty of them in spirit. Obviously, there were some of that mold of thought in the Methodist ranks in Waco. For when the Reverend Mr. Shaw expressed some ideas of advanced thought with respect to the Holy Scriptures (and perhaps also some tolerance of the concept of evolution), dogmatists, pre-fundamentalists, raised a howl. The final result was a hurt soul, a twisted mind, hence a radical, outspoken infidel, who soon be-



I KNEW AN OLD IRISHMAN—
WHO TOOK HIS TROT TO HIS PARTICULAR SALOON
EVERY MORNING—

came the leader of the sour, blatant flock. There were enough stubborn-minded men, men who took pride in being different, in Waco and the Southwest so that *The Free Thinker* (an appealing name) had quite a following. Enough there were to give them boldness sufficient to invite their famous, eloquent standard bearer, Robert G. Ingersoll for a lecture in Garland's Opera House. Of course, they could count on more than just their crowd; their opponents also would want to hear their well-advertised adversary. Personally, I could testify to the soundness of that latter conclusion, for I was there as an interested listener, and, as related elsewhere, that lecture contributed to the making of a preacher out of me.

# 11

# A Good "Western" Story for T.V.

WHEN I LANDED IN WACO, TEXAS, IN AUGUST 1891, I was a disappointed lad of fifteen; I saw no cowboys and no Indians. That broad-brimmed hat I ordered through a drummer in Windom, Kansas, proved not to be a cowboy hat at all. It was broad enough in the brim, all right, but it was flat on the top and altogether too nicely finished. That drummer knew less about cowboy regalia than I did. That experience was the same as many a lad who comes West from the East since that day.

For Waco was not a wild western town. I found it to be a well-dressed, cultured, ambitious city — or aimed to be. So Waco was not a T. V. "Western" shootin' town. Yet my story of the "Western" shootin' is a true one.

A long while before the white man's appearance on the scene, the region about Waco had been the hunting grounds of the Huaco Indians. The ever-flowing, never-drying spring of clear, cold water in northeast Waco, not far from where the Bosque flows into the Brazos, was the magnet that drew them from their recurring camps and their perennial pow-wows. By the 1890's the Indians had long since left the territory to the Anglo-Saxons; we called it Procter Springs, and around the spring, we held our annual Sunday school picnics. The "Western" atmosphere had become too tame to be "Western T. V." (It is now, in the twentieth century, Cameron Park, a gift of the doughty old Scotsman, William Cameron, Senior, who was flourishing during the "Gay Nineties," with his string of lumber yards over the state. His son, Willie Cameron, Junior, by the way, was in Waco High School about the same time I was; I bought the lumber for my first home from him.)

The region around that old everlasting spring had tamed down considerably; nevertheless, the community of Waco, between 1894 and 1898 produced a series of episodes that would make a spine-thriller for a modern "Western." That goes even in this year 1959 which marks the crest of the "Western" wave; at least, so far.

The cause and occasion of this excitement and shooting was not a bunch of cattle rustlers, not even a cruel or crazy cowhand; the damnable dust was stridently stirred by a caustically inclined citizen, usually classified as a nambypamby news writer, or in this case an egotistical editorial author. (Excuse the silly, super-allowance of alliterations; it is the result of my recent rereading of some of his pungent prickly paragraphs. Alliteration was his favorite figure of speech.) He was the briefly but bluffingly famous Brann, the *Iconoclast,* or as T. DeWitt Talmadge denouncingly dubbed him — "the Apostle of the Devil." He and some of his fawning friends frequently rakishly referred to him simply (and sillily) as "the Apostle." The title was always conspicuosly and confusingly capitalized.

Brann could well be denominated and denounced as the big, bad, wicked wind that blows nobody good. It was in February, 1895, that the wicked wind began to blow in Waco. It raised much blinding, bitter dust, exposed some hypocrisy and exhibited much more, stirred a vast amount of damning dissensions and finally faded out suddenly and salaciously in a blaze of street shooting, the denouement of which was the death of both shooters. But that for later, as the climax of the plot; much maneuvering must come in between. That plot revolved around one person, as the "star" (it's a great temptation to say "shooting star" but shooting was not his *forte;* he would shoot only when attacked and cornered).

William Cowper Brann, born in Illinois, early became an orphan, but was blessed with a worthy foster-father. He had little formal schooling, largely because he was too capricious, conceited, and strong-willed to submit to any tutoring or directions, as incidents in his boyhood strongly indicate, and vividly illustrate.[1]

So he became self-educated, self-guided and self-propelled. One genuine talent he possessed was a retentive memory, coupled with a taste for reading. His reading roamed the fields of ancient history with emphasis on mythology, and stored his mind with a rich thesaurus for illustrations and allusions, all out of the ordinary. His natural flair was for writing, and his style had a natural flow of rhythm that gave it a feeling almost poetical. He hung around printing shops and newspapers until he became a news reporter, then an editorial writer. He secured a succession of jobs as news reporter or editorial writer for dailies in Galveston, Houston, St. Louis, and San Antonio. The brevity of each job seemed to be caused by his conceited opinion of his superiority to all other writers; he would submit to no policy of an editor, advertiser or corporation; he demanded free expression. He had to be his own boss! And a newspaper could not thrive on continued contentions with its readers and its advertisers!

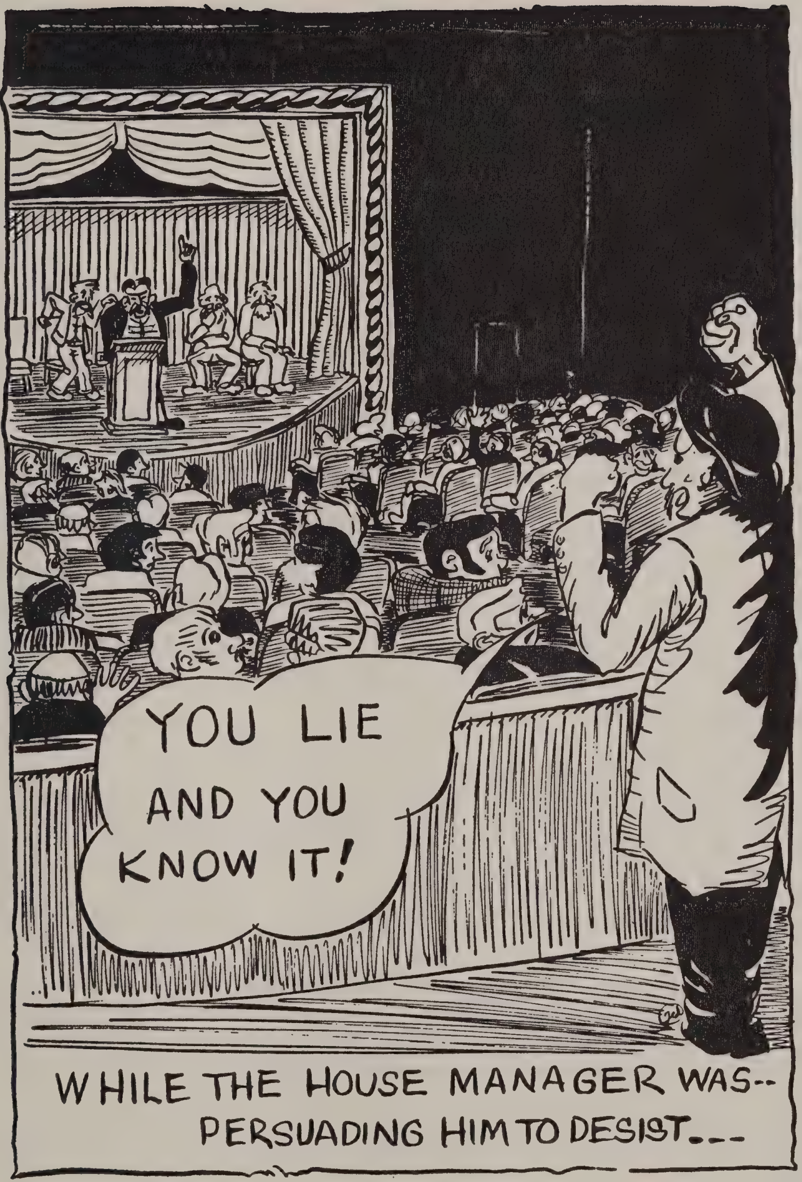
So he started a journal of his own, the *Austin Iconoclast,* in Austin, Texas, but it did not take, and was soon abandoned. But his restless intellect was bursting for expression and would not be subdued into a satisfied silence. What was even more insistent was the demand for the subsistence of a growing family, wife and two children. Another daughter, named Dottie, had taken her own life (in 1890) in a fit of despondency over what she thought was harsh, overbearing treatment by her father.

The family must be fed, and writing was his talent; so he started the *Iconoclast* again in Waco in February, 1895. The psychological attitude of that ill-fated journal was expressed by the author of his life story, Mr. Carver, in his adroit and revealing chapter titled, "Attack — and Sell." He wanted to be a great editor and he believed in himself supremely. He had been rebuffed time and again — he must make good this time — he needed the income; he loved his family. He must write! Attack was his *forte;* selling was his dire, demanding need.

Circumstances played into his purposes, and he promptly used them to his advantage. Brann was not a man of religion, but he well knew that religious prejudice was a passion easily aroused. The Roman Catholic Church had never been either popular or populous in the United States. In the early years of the Republic it had been relatively small in membership and negligible in influence and popularity. But the freedom offered in America had proved to be an attraction to the under-privileged people of Europe, especially southern European nationalities, and Ireland. This yearning yielded a flood of migration to the States in the early decades of the century. Since those peoples were largely Roman Catholics, the Roman Church was growing in population and power; this unanticipated turn of affairs gave rise to the fear of many that its power might become a threat to the newly-found and dearly-bought American principles of liberty. Hence, an organization grew up across the country known as the American Protective Association, designed to fight off this threat of danger. Like all causes based on prejudice, it was very hot-tempered, excessively vigorous in recruiting, and extremely reckless in methods. Financed by avid advocates, it drew into its propaganda machinery irresponsible characters, out for the money. Among these were some who were (or claimed to be) ex-priests of the church who could gain a favorable ear of the public because they were supposed to have inside information about the Roman Catholic Church and its practices — especially concerning the secret monasteries and even more, the shut-in nunneries. Here was a rich vein to be worked by scandal mongers, and scandal seekers; for imagination could run wild.

Now, fortunately for Brann, one of these emissaries of the A. P. A., an "ex-priest" named Slattery, came to Waco for a lecture on the subject, in April, 1895, two months after Brann's first issue of *The Iconoclast.*

In his issue of April, Brann had warned the public of this "imposter Slattery," and planted a suspicion against him and the organization back of him; dubbing it "The Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses." Slattery's first lecture in Garland's Opera House was attended by a goodly company of men and women of Waco; he proved to be a well-educated and highly cultured speaker of first rate ability. The second lecture was announced


YOU LIE AND YOU KNOW IT!
WHILE THE HOUSE MANAGER WAS--
PERSUADING HIM TO DESIST---

as "for men only," which in itself was enough to whet the appetites of those who salaciously expected racy revelations about the prurient practices of the nuns and priests behind hidden walls. Rumor had spread that Brann might appear in person at the lecture that night to hear Slattery, and perhaps to reply to him!

That night the house was packed – and tense. When Slattery had delivered his usual diatribe, denouncing the nunneries and priests, he turned his attention to Brann, with a bitter verbal castigation. He referred to Brann as "a pipsqueak of a scrivener who has soiled your city with a calumnious rag called the *Iconoclast*."

"Not without cause did Thomas DeWist Talmadge brand him the 'Apostle of the Devil,' " and so on through a series of severe asseverations. The crowd of men yelled and stomped till the Opera House shook. "Where is he?" called out some voice in the audience. When the crowd became settled enough to observe, they sensed the presence of a tall man standing in the rear, quietly waiting for an opening. Then Brann spoke: "It does not surprise me that the *Iconoclast* does not please you, sir, because its mission is to expose frauds and fakes. It's always the hit dog that yelps." And much more. Slattery's reply was, "If I had known that my lecture was to become a debate, I would have doubled the price of admission." While the house manager was approaching Brann to persuade him to desist, Brann shouted to Slattery, "You lie and you know it. I refuse to listen to you." And with that he left the hall.

Slattery left the city and was heard of no more. When it came to a battle of words, Brann was the master. The circulation of the *Iconoclast* boomed rapidly, "Attack – and Sell" had paid off!

The Slattery episode was just a warming up for the excitement.

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[1] His life story has been well written by Charles Carver with an introduction by Roy Bedichek (whom I knew). It is published by the University of Texas Press, second printing, 1957. It was written long enough after the passion of the events had cooled down to make it a fair, well-balanced appraisal. Such a process, I would judge, would require several decades.

## 12

# An Old War Horse on the Loose

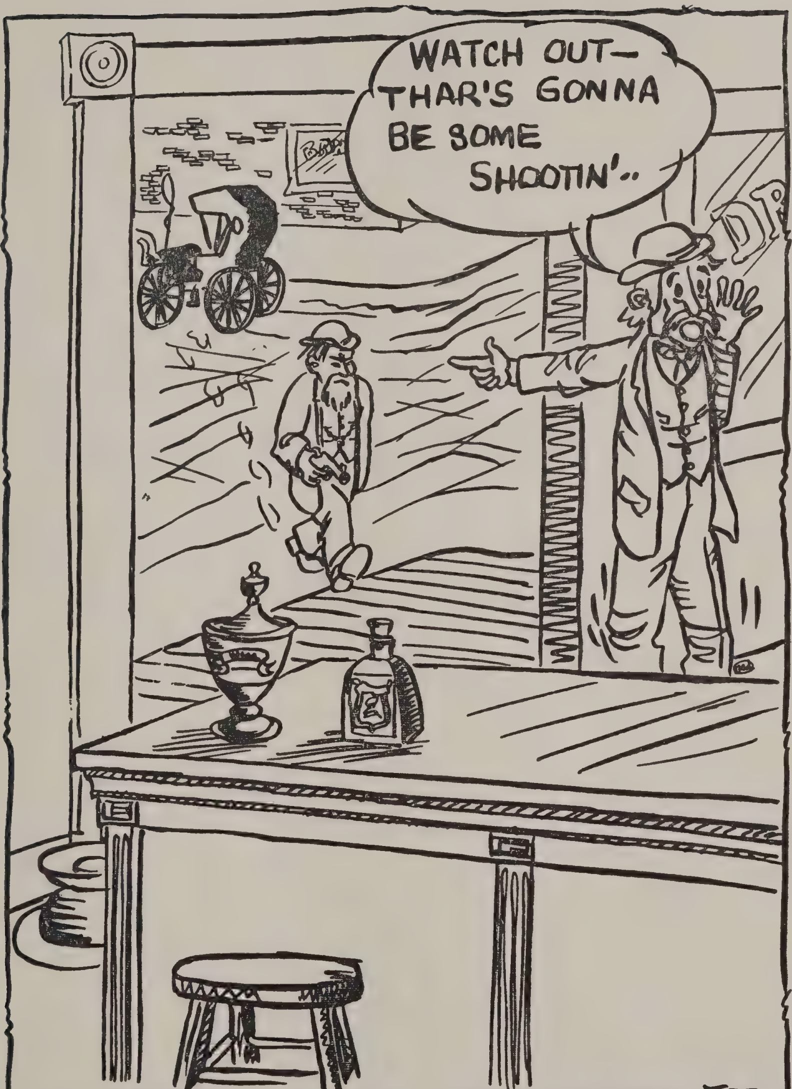
THE CITIZENRY OF THE LITTLE CITY OF WACO was excited — and divided. For several years it had proudly worn the title, "the Athens of Texas," based on its several schools and colleges operating within its borders. The vast majority, therefore, no doubt heartily wished that Brann would leave town, but most of these were quiet about it; they were not looking for trouble. Yet Brann was not without his supporters.

One of these prominent citizens, friendly to Brann, was Judge G. B. Gerald, an old Confederate soldier from Mississippi who had the reputation of being an honest man with a fighting spirit. He had been elected as County Judge on his promise to clean out the gambling dens of Waco. When the officers of law enforcement who were expected to execute his orders on the closing were reluctant to act, he went in person to an outstanding gambling den and personally threw out the gambling paraphernalia into the street; then announced to all similar places that if they didn't close up he would come and give every one the same treatment. He, like Brann, was an individualist, not out of harmony with the spirit of iconoclasm. He was bold and proud of it. He had a withered arm and was far past his prime in physical vigor. He liked Brann.

One prominent citizen, who resented Brann and liked Baylor, at least as a civic asset, was the editor of the daily paper, the *Waco Times-Herald,* W. A. Harris. He had given up a position as the head of a life insurance company to become the editor of the daily newspaper. He was a large, impressive man, and one of the directors and promoters of the Cotton Palace; some thought he had political ambitions. He did not like Brann, considering him as anything but an asset to the community. He did not fight the *Iconoclast* but his editorials were favorable to Baylor, as a valuable asset to Waco.

After his narrow and fortunate escape from lynching by Baylor students, and his recovery from his horse-whipping by the father of a Baylor boy, Brann had published an article which wound up by saying, "We'll let it go at that." But Judge Gerald was too much of a fighter to "let it go at that." He brought to Editor Harris a strongly worded communication addressed to the people of Waco in support of Brann, requesting its publication in the paper. Mr. Harris received it with the understanding, on the Judge's part, that it would be published in due time. It was, no doubt, "too hot to handle" without some risk; some days passed without its appearance. So the wiry old Judge called on the editor and demanded the return of the paper. Mr. Harris explained that he didn't have the paper; it was in the hands of some influential advertisers. The idea that anything he had written should have to be censored by merchants riled the old Judge to fury. He was in a fighting mood; anybody within range of his "shooting iron" had better duck. J. W. Harris, brother of the editor and head of another insurance company in town, consulted a friend, a physician, Dr. W. O. Wilkes, asking his opinion of the situation, whereupon the doctor remarked, "Knowing Gerald as I do, I must conclude that before it is over, either Gerald or W. A. Harris will be killed." Gerald was old, in bad health, and soured on the world. An ancient code of honor could not be neglected by him.

Dr. Wilkes, it seems, kept a diary, which included an account of the concluding scene of this tragical conflict between these two men, an episode that would fit well into the wildest of the tales of the shooting by the 'bad men' of the wild west.[1] The public was well aware of the situation; the air about town


WATCH OUT— THAR'S GONNA BE SOME SHOOTIN'..
DR

DOC WILKES SAW THE JUDGE HEADED FOR THE DRUG STORE was electric with apprehension. Editor Harris remained out of circulation at home, under guise of illness, for about three weeks. Then on November 19, 1897, while he was in the Old Corner Drug Store, on Fourth and Austin, he spied Judge Gerald on the corner diagonally across Austin, getting out of his buggy. Doctor Wilkes saw the Judge headed for the drug store just in time to remark to Mr. W. B. Morrison, proprietor of the Old Corner Drug Store, "Watch out, there's going to be some shooting." Just then a shot rang out and W. A. Harris fell to the floor, holding a pistol in his hand. Two more shots were heard and the brother of the editor was observed trying to fire his gun again. It is said that a bullet from the editor's gun struck a metal button on the back of Gerald's coat. Only one life was lost – that of W. A. Harris, the editor of the *Times-Herald*. Gerald had come so close to Harris that the coat collar of the victim was set smouldering. More killing would have resulted, but for the nervousness of J. W. Harris who got his trigger finger too confused for more firing.

Most Waco citizens were willing to call this the climax of the whole mess; but many others would not be content so long as Brann's *Iconoclast* and Brann were loose in Waco.

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[1] This section of the diary of the doctor is quoted in Charles Carver's book, *Brann and the Iconoclast,* pp. 164-167.

# 13

# Personal Brushes With Brann

WHILE FIRES OF RESENTMENT SMOULDERED among the citizens of Waco, let me tell how my own life felt a touch of Brann.

Mr. Brann was my neighbor. Every time I rode the street car out North Fifth Street to Add-Ran, I passed and observed his palatial home with its expansive lawn and stately shade trees. Like other Waco citizens of the city, I was familiar with his *Iconoclast*.

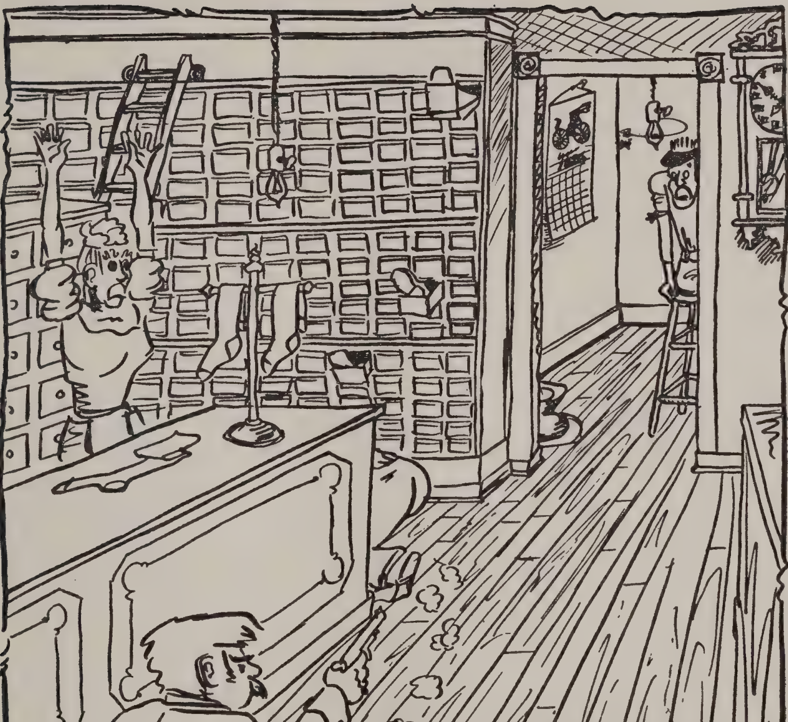
My first personal contact with Mr. Brann was quite dramatic, although fortunately quiet — and quickly over. It must have been in the winter or spring of 1896, before I quit my place as bookkeeper at Neumegen and Marx on Fifth and Austin, during the newspaper feud between the Waco *Times-Herald* editor, W. A. Harris and Brann's Iconoclastic exploitation of the Baylor scandal over the unfortunate Brazilian girl.

One day during a quiet time of the day in the store, I was seated on my high stool working on my books when my attention was distracted by a slight commotion in the front of the store. A man apeared in the aisle in front of the hosiery counter, stooped as though hiding while running hurriedly toward the back of the store. When he came to the end of the aisle, just at my office, he turned to the left, ran in front of the shoe department, then on out of the side door to Fifth Street. Quickly there followed another man in the same position and attitude, obviously in pursuit. This one held in his hand a pistol, as if chasing the former. What's more, his position made that pistol point right to me, at the end of the aisle. From this far-away time, all I can be sure of are two things: it was not a toy pistol, and it was pointed directly toward me. He ran the same route out the side door. There was not time to get scared. The episode caused much buzzing among the store force, of course. The editorial rooms of the *Times-Herald* were near by, and we all were persuaded that it must have been editor Harris chasing Brann, or the other way around. None of us took sides — we were all glad that no shooting exploded that day.

There was no opportunity for introduction on the occasion of that, my first meeting with the famous editor, but it did not end or abate my interest in, or my observation of him or his influence. At that very time I was taking coaching lessons in English composition (because I had only one year of high school), and that fall I entered Add-Ran and the freshman English class; I had to be interested in the use of the English language, and Brann was a master in that field.

My teacher of English that fall was Addison Clark, Jr., the son of President Addison Clark; he was a keen student of the English language, naturally, and ambitious as a writer. The next year, 1897, he was the editor and inspiration of the first Annual of the University, the *Horned Frog*. Naturally, inevitably, he was interested in the brilliant, scintillating style of English used by the editor of the *Iconoclast*. Not only interested, but also charmed. In his writing, he became imitative of Brann's style, as were several others, just as naturally.

But on one occasion he carried the imitating too far. That was the occasion of a chapel talk made by the President of the Texas Christian Endeavor Union, Mr. H. H. Grotthouse. Now Mr. Grotthouse was a very popular speaker, but not what you could call a "polished" one, because he was a layman using "down-to-earth" street language just as he did in his business as a salesman, traveling for a wholesale hardware house in Dallas. He was an interesting speaker, with many peculiar expressions that made all Christian Endeavor friends love and admire him.


JUST AT MY OFFICE, HE TURNED TO THE LEFT...

But that style was not so pleasing to the professor of English. So "Little Addie" (that was his nickname on the side) in his report of the chapel talk in the *Collegian* (the monthly literary magazine of Add-Ran) gave him a roasting. Well, it must be admitted that the speech did not deserve a grade of "A" from a professor; but it did deserve a respectful hearing and comment from the University whose visitor was deeply appreciated by the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Among those who were displeased and disgruntled by the roast and "insult" by the professor were two of the State officers of the C. E. Union; Guy Inman, Superintendent of the Houston District, and Colby Hall, of the Waco District. Furthermore, they were both members of the Freshman English class of Professor Clark. They protested! They had to protest! They could not endure to have the distinguished president of Christian Endeavor, beloved by all the multitude of youth in Texas, and respected by all the church people, so abused and insulted by their college. The form their protest took was to quit the class of the professor. Unusual as was this action and unprecedented, it came to the attention of the president of the University. The two young, irate, incorrigible upstarts were called "on the carpet" before the kindly, disturbed father-president for a "talk" — and what else, we wondered! The goodly, kindly president was very gracious and wise; the son, he defended; he had never done anything "wicked" in his life, but —. We did not return to his class. His load was too heavy anyhow; his sister took over that class in English and we attended the class that was taught by Bessie. But that was not the end. The virus had broken out in other spots. At the next Trustees meeting "Little Addie's" resignation was accepted. Of course, there are two sides to every question; it probably was not alone the style of the *Iconoclast* that caused his resignation — but that ended his term of office in Add-Ran. We stayed on another year.

## 14

# Brann Versus The Baptists

WACO WAS DEFINITELY A BAPTIST COMMUNITY. As already related, it was defined as "a tall, thin, lonesome spire, surrounded by Baptists." Anybody who would attack the Baptists would arouse the wrath and attention of all Waco — and all Texas, especially if the attack was on one of the oldest and most highly respected institutions of learning in the state, Baylor University. But Brann well knew that the more popular the object of his attack the more populous would be the purchasers of the paper. And that was his objective.

And again, fate fell to his advantage. An unfortunate incident occurred in Baylor just at that time — an incident which usually, if mentioned at all in the press, would be expressed obscurely and daintily, out of regard to the distress of the suffering party and the dignity of the respected institution. But no so by Brann! His policy of increasing circulation at any consideration, and his constant need for cold cash settled the matter instantaneously for him. He grabbed up the rancid morsel of garbled gossip like a buzzard hitting a dead horse on the highway and gobbled it up as food for his *Iconoclast.*

A story had come out in the local newspaper about a young Brazilian girl of sixteen ( the Baylor authorities claimed eighteen) who had come to be educated in Baylor for missionary service in her native country, and while living in the home of President Rufus C. Burleson of Baylor, had been raped and was an expectant mother. The accused man, Steen Morris, was not a student in Baylor but was the brother of the son-in-law of President Burleson, working in the print shop of his brother, who published a Baptist journal. It was food for scandal, especially when the accused, named by the girl, Antonia Teixiera, as the attacker, was indicted and arrested on the charge of rape, and was out on bond.

The *Iconoclast* pictured the girl as an innocent waif from a foreign country, whom the Baptists were trying to rescue from Romanism, being now exploited as a kitchen servant in the President's home and exposed to the lust of the Baylor boys. President Burleson, in self-defense, reluctantly issued a statement describing the girl as eighteen years of age, and coming with a background and habits of disregard for truthfulness, unrelibale of word or conduct, "crazy about boys," and uncontrollable, being dealt with as a daughter in the home, with great patience. The general public lined up on either one side or the other according to taste and favor. The circulation of the scavenger-monger sheet grew apace, locally and abroad. Brann was sitting pretty; Baylor was shamed — and mad.

Brann fed the fires. He even intimated and boldly claimed that the incident proved that Baylor was an unsafe place to send girls for schooling. That hit the college authorities where it hurt. It greatly annoyed the Waco citizens. They knew better. Their reputation was being damaged.

The young men students of Baylor, naturally resented the charge; they, too, knew better. And they would not take it lying down. In the October, 1897, issue of the *Iconoclast* the editor definitely, determinedly and dastardly insulted the faculty and students of Baylor, with obvious design and intention. Here is a sample of this diatribe:

> The *Iconoclast* would like to see Baylor University, so called, become an honor to Texas instead of an educational eye-sore, would like to hear it spoken of with reverence instead of sneeringly referred to by men about town as worse than a harem. Probably Baylor has never been so bad as many imagined, that the joint keepers in the Reservation have been mistaken in re-

> garding it as a rival, that the number of female students sent away to conceal their shame has been exaggerated; still I imagine that its morale and its educational advantages are susceptible to considerable improvement.
>
> Unfortunately, there is more brazen quackery in our sectarian colleges, than was ever dreamed of by Cagliostro. The faculty of such institutions is usually composed of superficially educated people who know less than is contained in the text books. As a rule, they are employed because they will serve at a beggarly price, but sometimes because their employers are themselves too ignorant to properly pass upon the qualifications of others . . . (Charles Carver, p. 141)

And so on with insult to the teachers, insinuations about the trustees, and innuendoes concerning every church school everywhere, including Add-Ran, which had just moved its habitation to Waco within the last two years. (There, I was a student at the time, and knew how full of lies were the charges he was bringing.) That very fall the first football game was held between Baylor and Add-Ran. How much better was the sportsmanship of the athletes than those of this scurrilous editor!

He continued his insults with:

> Change is the order of the universe, and as Baylor cannot very well become worse, it must of necessity become better. It will have the unswerving support of the *Iconoclast* in every effort to place itself on a higher educational plane, to honestly earn the money it pockets as tuition fees. I am even willing to conduct a night school free of charge for three months in the year for the instruction of the faculty if each member thereof will give bond not to seek a better paying position somewhere else as soon as they learn something. (Carver, p. 141)

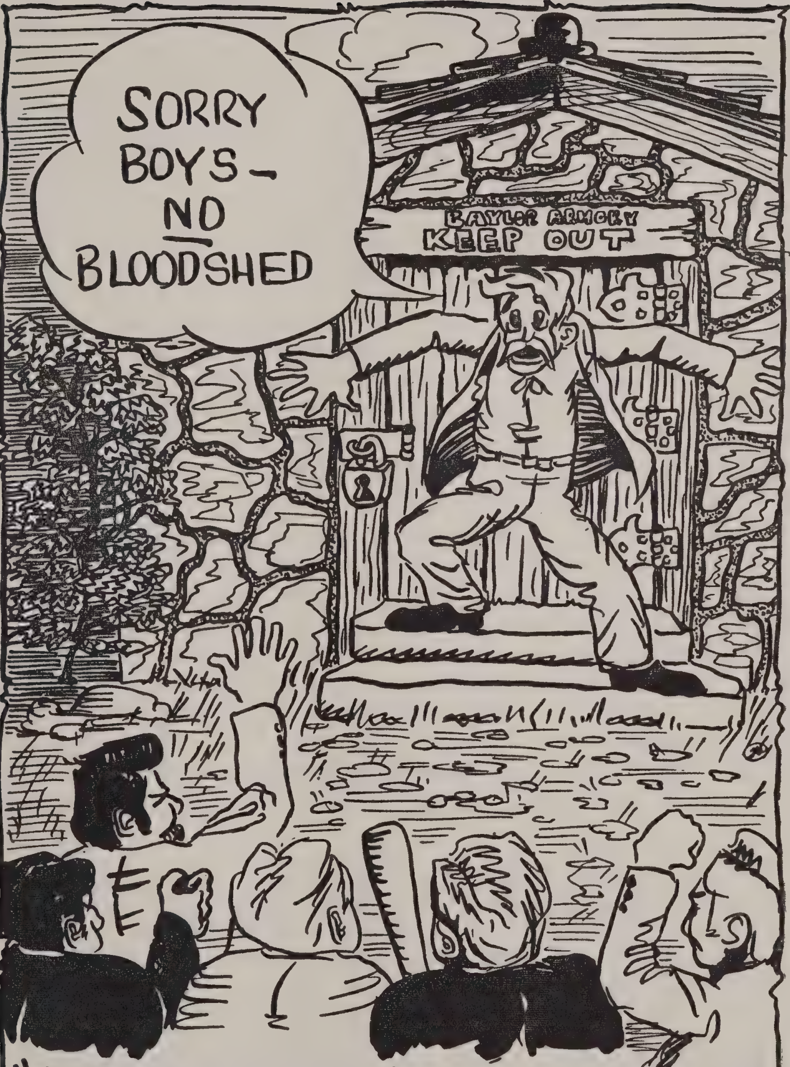
Then he climaxed his pusillanimous paragraph by a triple insult to three of the most capable and highly respected leaders of the Baptists, Drs. Cranfill, Burleson, and Carroll, that must have jolted the feelings of every Waco citizen by whom these distinguished citizens and educators were held in high honor.

It is no wonder that the Baylor boys rose up in wrath and organized to rebut these contumacious insults to decency. The two literary societies, the most representative groups among the students in that generation, appointed two large committees to handle the daring detractor of their beloved Baylor and of the whole city. A brace of two big, husky young men, accordingly, found Brann at the printing shop of Knight and Womack that Saturday afternoon. While one pointed a pistol at him, the other husky grabbed him and hustled him out of the office to the street and forced him into a waiting hack. The driver hustled the hack down Fifth Street to the Baylor campus, the two boys holding Brann between them in a vise-like grip.

On the campus they were met by milling groups of students, prepared to tar and feather the culprit and run him out of town. But there was a hitch. "Where's the tar?" one boy cried out. Evidently someone had stolen it. "Hang him! Hang him!" was the cry from the maddened mob. Gaining confidence gradually in the presence of their betraying blatherskite, they began to strike him, with fists, till his face bled; they jerked him with the rope about him till he staggered. One boy called out, "We planned to tar and feather him and drive him out of town, but someone has stolen our tar; we had it hid under the bridge, now I guess we will just have to give him his walking papers without the trimmin's." Again arose the shout, "Hang him, hang him." As the boys searched the nearby trees for a suitable limb, an authoritative voice arose above the threat of the others, "Boys, boys, listen to me." A boy near Brann said, "It's Professor Brooks." On the steps stood the professor and calmly speaking, said: "Boys, we don't want a hanging. Professor Tandy and I will not stand by and see you lynch a man, whatever he's done, so long as there are proper courts of law in the land."

"A firing squad," called a boy, and there was a rush toward the armory. But on the steps, spreading his arms across the doors of the armory stood Professor Pool. "Sorry, boys, no bloodshed." Then a boy shouted, "Make him leave town. Make him eat his words. A lie bill! Make him sign a lie bill." A sheet of paper was passed to the victim, and pushed before his half-blinded eyes. Grudgingly he scrawled across it one word, "Brann." "Now get going and never come back. You've got till sundown." A great roar of laughter swelled from the crowd, as Brann drove off and the mob slowly dispersed.

That was the (almost) lynching of the "Apostle." But not the climax, yet.



"A FIRING SQUAD!" CALLED A BOY, AND THERE WAS A RUSH TOWARD THE ARMORY-

Soon, a citizens rally was held in the First Baptist Church, informally. Judge W. H. Jenkins, vice-president of the Baylor Board of Trustees, opened with the remark: "Such slanderings as had been published against Baylor must not go unchallenged lest silence of Waco citizens be construed as agreement with them, and Baylor would be unable to attract students." Judge Marshall Surratt was elected chairman of the meeting, and remarked, "One of our citizens, in his own way, is attempting to tear down this institution." W. D. Lacy, prominent banker, endorsed the sentiments, followed by J. E. Boynton, who commented, "virtue has been betrayed and sold for money." One of the Baylor student leaders spoke, saying something like this: "No two hundred men in Waco, having this man in their possession, could have borne what we did from this man and let him off as light as we did." Brann placed a card in the daily paper, expressing not an apology, but a sort of weak explanation, winding up with, "I would deserve to be shot if I defamed the humblest girl within the walls of Baylor."

Several lesser episodes occurred before the final *denouement.* One student, George Scarborough, yearned to have it out with the enemy at pistol point, but his father, John Scarborough, persuaded him to be satisfied with a horse whipping, which his father administered in a down-town building. Brann ran, fell and broke his wrist, but was able to rise in a half-sitting position while he melodramatically shouted, "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again."

The *Iconoclast,* instead of any softening of his diatribes, adopted a tone of mock piety and bull-dog bravery, such as this sample:

> I have just been enjoying the first holiday I have had in fifteen years. Owing to circumstances entirely beyond my control, I devoted the major part of the past month to digesting a couple of installments of Saving Grace presented by my Baptist brethren and carefully rubbed in with revolvers and rocks, loaded canes and miscellaneous cudgels — with almost any old thing calculated to make a sinner reflect upon the status of his soul. My Baptist brethren desired to send me as a missionary to foreign lands, and their invitation was so urgent and their expression of regard so fervent that I am now wearing my head in a sling and trying to write with my left hand. Although they declared

that I had an imperative "call," and would tempt Providence by loitering any longer than one short day, I concluded to remain in Waco and preach them a few more of my popular sermons from my favorite text, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (From Carver, p. 154)

## 15

# The Retirement of President Burleson--Varying Views

IN THE 1890'S THERE WERE ONLY TWO WAYS TO turn loose from a job — quit or get get fired. That applied to any job, high or low, ditch digger or President of a University. Such an idea as a retirement age, 65, 70, or any age, had never been suggested. Nobody had even thought of providing anything to retire on — unless it be the "poor house." The only persons I ever heard of receiving a pension were Federal ex-soldiers, and my impression was that they had to have been wounded in battle. (I remember one whose wound got worse and worse as time for the quarterly check approached.)

The usual citizen of that generation took pride in the aim, "I will die in the harness." This applied especially to men of dignity who held positions of trust and responsibility; men with the consciousness of a mission of service were strong in that spirit — men like preachers, college professors, and occasionally, medical doctors.

And it was certainly strong in the mind and heart of Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, President of Baylor University for about a half a century. He would see no reason why he should be "turned out to pasture." But the Trustees of Baylor did see reasons for such a step. He was beyond seventy, doubtless in his dotage. So, by them, "he was invited to an emeritus status, at a generous salary and honorable distinction . . . He not only declined, but he resisted continuously, to the hurt of the institution, determined to die in the harness." (See quotation below, from Dr. Sutton.)

Such a situation could not pass without observation by Mr. Brann. He had already adopted Baylor as his favorite object of attack — sort of whipping boy. To be sure, the issues of the *Iconoclast* for March and April, 1898, contained no mention of Baylor. Some folks may have assumed that prominent citizens of Waco had brought pressure to bear on Brann. But, no, he was just shifting the point of attack, the next issue revealed. President Burleson was getting quite old; he could not go on much longer. It would not be exciting or even interesting to attack him.

But the trustees! They were the men in real authority, and very prominent in Waco — and Baptists! They were the ones who had "fired" the good and widely beloved Dr. Burleson!

Indeed, the *Iconoclast*, just at the moment, was prospering, with its 900,000 subscribers. But he well knew that this had been built up on excitement and suspense, much of it due to his attack on Baylor. He could not afford to let this topic die down and his readers relax. So he assumed that the trustees had turned the old President out and began to denounce them for it. So, he wrote an article that (mockingly) soothed the good President, whom he lately "lambasted" unmercifully, while at the same time scorning and scorching the Baylor Trustees. It read thus:

> Dr. Rufus C. Burleson is not a perfect man. He has not always treated the *Iconoclast* with Christian charity or courtesy; but as men go, he's far above the average. While he was president of Baylor University its students did not get drunk. They were not encouraged to arm themselves and commit lawless acts of violence. All the good that is in Baylor University is due to his untiring efforts. There would be no Baylor today but for Dr. Burleson. Yet, after nearly half a century of service, he has been pitched out and humiliated and lied about by creatures

> who are not worthy to breathe the same atmosphere. The Baptist fight is none of mine, but I am the champion of fair play; and I say here that even in his "dotage," Dr. Burleson has more brains, more good morals, more manhood than have Carroll, Cranfil and all their scurvy crew. (Carver, P. 169)

He did not stop with the trustees; he continued to heap up scorn on the leaders of Waco. He continued to disparage and denounce the hospitality of Waco by implying that other cities were trying to get the *Iconoclast* to move to their seat.

> To the kindly offers of other cities to afford the *Iconoclast* an asylum and protect its editor from outrage, I will simply say that I do not consider my property or my person in the slightest danger. A majority of the Texas people are broad-gauged and law-abiding. . . . I like the climate and most of the people and am in no hurry to move. . . . Should the editor chance to swallow too much water the next time he is baptized they (his promised new contributors) can be depended upon to keep the flag flying until the red-headed heir apparent learns to write with one hand and shoot with the other. Let it go at that. (Ibid., P. 170)

But the bulk of Waco citizens were not willing to "let it go at that." He played up also the report (of which he was probably the author) that other cities were bidding for Baylor to move to them, and ridiculed it in this fashion.

> The institution is worth less than nothing to any town. . . . It is a chronic breeder of bigotry and bile. As a small Waco property owner, I will give it $1,000 at any time to move to Dallas, and double that amount if it will move to Houston or hell. (He couldn't resist the temptation to pull that alliteration. Give him credit for passing up "Dallas or the devil.") (Ibid., P. 171)

He ridiculed the rumor that Waco had "offered" — or made a bluff of offering $15,000 for the location of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.

> Waco is forever making a large piebald ass of herself. Were the majestic universe for sale at $10 cash she'd fail to make a

> connection — would get hopelessly sidetracked while conferring, banqueting, whereasing, resoluting, perorating and otherwise agitating the atmosphere while getting ready to let some one else begin.

Brann used the failure of Waco to land the Orphans' Home as a text for one of his most salacious self-called "sermons."

> The Home did not come to Waco because the Masons declined to commit their loved ones to the care of a community that had ostentatiously eulogized a brace of would-be assassins who "double banked" a crippled Confederate colonel — shot him in the back, then became so badly frightened that they couldn't work their guns. . . .
>
> The Home did not come to Waco because a lot of splenetic-hearted hypocrites and pietistical deadbeats — who should have been hanged with their own umbilical cord at birth — have given the place a bad name which it will take a dozen years to live down. The cry raised by certain mischief-making little fuzzy-wuzzies that Waco lost the home because of the *Iconoclast* was simply a stupid prevarication made with malice prepense. It is barely possible that a few professional log-rollers for other localities did mouth somewhat about this magazine — shoot their smooth-bore bazoos at "Brannville," but their goose-gabble sawed absolutely no ice. Together with its auxiliary publications it draws hither more money from beyond Waco's legitimate territory than do all other institutions combined. It asked no bonus to come and it will not go until it gets real good and ready.

Waco was a city that had its pride; Brann was playing with fire. Many citizens had worked hard, in the Cotton Palace and in other enterprises for the sake of the community. Most of them were self-controlled; but many were mad.

One very outspoken citizen of Waco was Mr. Tom Davis, a lawyer whose office was on South Fourth Street and whose home was in East Waco. Incidentally, he had a daughter who for a while was a student in Baylor and was thought to be a Baptist.

In connection with this squally episode of the retirement of President Burleson, stirred by the *Iconoclast,* it is interesting and historical to note the following quote from a prominent leader in the field of education in Texas, who was the first Head and actually the founder of the School of Education in the University of Texas, Dr. W. S. Sutton.

> At a meeting of the Association of Texas Colleges, Dr. William S. Sutton, the Dean of the University of Texas School of Education and its founder, one of the wisest and wittiest of Texas sages, included in his address words which may well be paraphrased in the following paragraphs:
>
> Two college presidents on the western frontier guided their respective schools from small beginnings to substantial growth through the 1890's, both leading brilliantly, devotedly, with general honor and acclaim. They were pioneers, to the frontier born, with its spirit in their souls; for it, they worked out a technique which succeeded brilliantly.
>
> Then times changed. Travel became easier, the urban trend set in, new standards arose, and a new technique for colleges was demanded. One of these presidents, venerable, honored, beyond seventy, was invited by his Trustees to an emeritus status, at generous salary and honorable distinction. He not only declined, but resisted continuously, to the hurt of the institution; devoted, determined to "die in the harness."
>
> The other, not yet sixty (57), perceived the situation and required his Trustees, over their protest, to secure "a young man, trained in the great Universities of the East, who can carry on the school in the new generation . . . I am a pioneer," he pleaded. "Get some man who can fill his day as I have done mine. My work is done; let the institution grow greater with the new day."
>
> Thus did one good man allow his devotion to blur his judgment, while the other exercised the rarest of wisdom by effacing himself for the sake of the cause. Few men rise to such heights of greatness as did this humble giant of the frontier days.
>
> After Dr. Sutton's talk, the writer of these lines went up to him and correctly identified both of the distinguished presidents, whom he, naturally, had left unidentified. That pioneer with rare wisdom and self-effacing greatness was Addison Clark who retired from the presidency of Add-Ran Christian University in Waco in 1899.[1]

Of course the other you readily recognize as Dr. Burleson.

But Dr. Burleson's perseverance to his duty, as he saw it, was sincere devotion in the pioneer spirit; a portion of his character that made him great and good. It deserved no such insincere, mocking praise as Brann gave him, just in order to denounce the Baptist Trustees. But they were all "honorable men." Hence the shock caught attention — and "sold" the *Iconoclast*.

The Baptists were not the only ones whom he ridiculed; he poured out the vials of contempt on the community of Waco.

With his accustomed recklessness, "The Apostle" was playing with fire. But he was not unaware of his risk. For it is recorded that, during these months he was often engaged in the practice of target shooting in his big back yard, and that he boasted (to his young son) about the accuracy of his aim.

In view of the ambition of the city of Waco and the pride of its citizens and the long continued savage attacks of the *Iconoclast* upon these and upon Baylor, and in view of the old-fashioned "code of honor" which was still cherished in the community by many, there was a general feeling in the community that sooner or later a shooting scrape would ensue.

And it did on April 1, 1898.

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[1] Quoted from Hall's *History of T.C.U.*, pp. 99, 100.

# 16

# The Climactic Duel--Both Killed

FOR REASONS WHICH HE WELL UNDERSTOOD, Brann had acquired a sort of partner, William H. Ward, a large, husky man who became his business manager and bodyguard. At this juncture, Ward conveniently arranged for the high-flying editor to get out of town for a vacation. The recent news from Waco had made Brann a notorious, national figure; a lecture tour would draw crowds. So, Ward arranged a lecture tour-vacation, leaving the children at home to give the wife, "Carrie," a rest while traveling with him. The Baylor boys are said to have been congregating on the lawn of the Brann home on North Fifth Street occasionally, to make some disturbing demonstrations.

The first lecture date was for San Antonio on the night of April 2, 1898. They were to leave on the Katy train the evening before. Brann was driven by his Negro coachman (these were his prosprous days) that afternoon, downtown. There they met, casually, a man named Earp, "from the western part of the county," who wanted to meet the editor of the *Iconoclast*.

Brann and Ward left Earp then, and went into Lanier's Saloon, thence north on Fourth Street. Then, a shot rang out and Brann, shot in the back, wheeled and saw a large man less than ten feet away, crouching to shoot again. Ward leaped at the man, grabbed at his gun and had his own hand pierced by the bullet. The gunman was Tom Davis, an East Waco resident, who had had a daughter in Baylor. While Davis fell to one knee, still firing, Brann continued firing until some time after his pistol was empty; then he fell on the ground, weak and ill, while his gun fell to the ground. A handy policeman, Sam Hall, arrested Brann, then, and though he was weak and ill, led him to City Hall. Doubtless there was no physician near to advise against such an exertion. Both men were mortally wounded; Brann expired the next morning at 1:55 a.m.; Davis the same day at 2:30 p.m.

The shooting of Editor Harris by Judge Gerald had occurred on November 19, 1897, on the corner of Fourth and Austin, at the Old Corner Drug Store. This, the climax of this long drawn struggle, happened less than a block away. It was in front of the Pacific Hotel, situated on the corner of South Fourth Street and Franklin. The entrance to the lobby of the Pacific was not on the corner, but nearer to the middle of the block on Fourth. James I. Moore, in his real estate dealings, had come into possession of the Pacific, and had decided to operate the hotel himself. His office was near the middle of the block on South Fourth, on the east side of it. The tragedy occurred not far away.

For the first several days of April the Waco papers, as well as those in other cities, were full of news of the tragedy, of course, and just as naturally, there were variations in the details reported. One account of the tragedy was reported by the *Waco Daily Telephone,* as follows:

> Tuesday afternoon marked a dual tragedy in which two men were killed, one lost an arm and several innocent bystanders were injured, on the afternoon of April, 1, 1898, within an hour of the time of the first tragedy and within a half a block of the locality of the other.

The two fatalities were W. C. Brann and Tom E. Davis. The background of the duel as given by the same paper, the *Waco Daily Telephone,* in a later report (April 8) remarking about the "several conflicting accounts" reported as follows:

> It is said that the first shot was fired by Davis at Brann's

> back. Some say that Davis fell first by a shot from Brann, but soon recovering his presence of mind, raised on his elbow and fired again.
>
> Sam Hall, standing near the office of George Willig, bravely made his way toward them. Officer David Durie was across the street and reached the scene too late. Hall shielded himself by keeping near the doorway between them. Brann was still on his feet, not knowing how seriously he was wounded. Officer Sam Hall, also not knowing how seriously he was wounded, started him toward the City Hall. Davis was wounded in many places. Ward was wounded in the hand, and went to the Old Corner Drug Store to get his hand dressed, and he was arrested by Sheriff James Lockwood.

Other interviews by eye-witnesses are quoted in the papers but they add no pertinent details. One of these was by James I. Moore.

But one interview will be worth recording, for it was printed as the ante-mortem statement of Tom Davis, one of the victims. Davis had been to Manchester's Stable and to Tom Waits' Saloon. Davis claimed that the second time that the two men passed him they continued to curse him, saying "There goes that damned son —— that has caused all my trouble; he will take anything." "Brann had pulled his gun and I shot at him, my gun hanging in the scabbard. The reason he shot at me was because I was loyal to my town and always expressed myself. He murdered me. They both shot at me after I fell. The shot in my back blinded me and I couldn't see. I make this statement for I know I am dying. He has been trying to kill me for three months."

Another account in one of the papers:

> It seems that Mr. Brann, in company with W. H. Ward, an employee of his, made it convenient to come in contact with Mr. Davis, and one of them, supposed to be Mr. Brann, cursed Mr. Davis as he passed them. Mr. Davis had been out on the street where he had just been passed by the men a couple of times, and returned to his office on Fourth Street, between Franklin and Austin streets. He had been in his office only a minute or so when Messrs. Brann and Ward passed, with Brann on the inside. As the two men passed, Mr. Davis says that one of them remarked in a loud voice "There is the damned, cowardly son-of-a — ; he will

take anything." Davis replied, "Are you scoundrels talking about me?" The shooting followed immediately.

One of the papers definitely states that several conflicting reports were circulating, at the time, and several of these reports are cited. E. P. Norwood is quoted as saying:

> I saw Brann and Ward go directly to Davis' office from Lanier's Saloon for a drink, heard shots. I saw Davis on the ground and Brann and Ward standing up, firing at him. I am positive that Ward fired one shot, if not two. He ceased and Brann continued firing at him until an officer rushed right into the shooting and stopped Brann."

Mr. John Sleeper testified:

> I heard three pistol shots almost simultaneously, I saw Tom Davis recline and falling to the sidewalk, and Mr. Brann firing on him. Mr. Davis fell to the ground, almost in a heap, and rolled over as many as four times. Mr. Ward handed Mr. Brann a pistol and Brann stepped forward toward Mr. Davis and began firing on him as he was rolling upon the sidewalk. Brann and Ward then turned and walked away, north on Fourth Street, toward Austin Street to a point directly opposite my door, where I was standing, when two police officers came across Fourth Street, and Brann remarked that he was shot, and I saw blood on his hand.

One newspaper's conclusion was thus expressed:

> Each of these (shootings) can be traced to the same cause, which was known and published far and wide; the kidnapping of Brann, the assault on him by Scarborough, the Gerald-Harris affair and the hurried departure of Brann on one occasion. During all this Tom E. Davis was an outspoken citizen of Waco. He denounced the author of the *Iconoclast* articles and said he should like to see him run out of town, and continued throughout it all to condemn the Apostle . . . Davis had been in the city all the time and Brann had been on the streets occasionally.

Obviously it was the logical, inevitable outcome of the storm of pent-up resentment of a proud and ambitious community against an ungovernable egotist who chanced to possess an unusually brilliant style in the use of the English language, but without any message to deliver. Unhindered by any restrictions of culture or courtesy, devoid of any spirit of religion or even respect for truth, he was as dangerous as a wild beast of the jungle. And at least one man in Waco had enough of the courage, or dare-deviltry, or senseless anger, or enough of the fading, worn-out old "code of honor" to act.

If we would adopt Brann's own melodramatic style we might wind it up by shouting, without regard to which way it applies: "Sic, semper tyrrannus!"

# 17

# The Old Swimmin' Hole

OF COURSE, THE BRAZOS RIVER WAS VERY HANDY, running right through town. But it was too muddy for a popular swimming place; the red sands that were swept downstream from the West Texas plains looked too dirty, especially after a flood. I remember one spring flood when all the students of Add-Ran and all the citizens of Waco lined the banks of the Brazos to take on the marvellous, unusual sight: all of East Waco seemed covered. Then we were in a position to appreciate the high banks on the west side.

It was the Bosque that provided the swimming hole. It runs into the Brazos about two miles north of the city, near the prominent high bluff, known as Lover's Leap, which is based on an old Indian story or legend. The Bosque runs through black land which does not wash down much, so the stream is relatively clear. In those days several roads ran out to it from Waco, crossing the stream, mostly at some shallow place, probably bridged in later years. One of these shallow crossings was known as McLennan's Crossing. The only means of transportation for college boys was by "foot and Walker's line." So, an impromptu party of us boys found ourselves one Saturday, hoofing it to the Bosque for, supposedly, a swim — the weather was too warm for fishing. When we got to the crossing we found a huge pile of logs that had been washed up between the banks on a sand bar. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. By strenuous labor and cordial cooperation, we pulled log after log out into the stream; by hard labor and ingenuity, tied them together by vines and some handy baling wire, and constructed a huge raft. The stream was fairly full and the current swift enough to float the raft downstream. So, with poles dug out of the driftwood pile, we maneuvered the raft into midstream and guided it away from the sand bars to a downstream hilarious ride of some two miles, to the next crossing that offered a road back to town. We felt like Robinson Crusoe and his good man Friday, trudging back to the campus. Boy! did we sleep that night! It was more energy-absorbing than a football game or even a long, long, work out.

The Brazos and the Bosque held charm for us in the winter, also — at least one for me. We skated on the ice on the Brazos for two whole days and on the Bosque it was available for more than a week, thanks to the shade of the nearby woods. The Brazos was frozen solid from bank to bank. That is hard to believe, I know. It was in 1898, February, I believe. I was living at the Pacific Hotel as a guest of Jim I. Moore that winter and was superintending a Sunday School in East Waco which assembled at 9:30 a.m. On such a rare wintry day few people would brave the weather, but I knew real well that if even one arrived, the Superintendent would be expected. So I buttoned up the overcoat and faced the north blast, crossed on the suspension bridge and showed up. Hence, I could, in all good conscience, the next morning, go skating on the frozen Brazos. Relatively few Waco people were even tempted; they were unacquainted with skates or skating; I had learned to love this sport in Kansas. The ice on the Brazos lasted in safety for two days. School was on, so I did not get to utilize the opportunity of the longer period on the shaded Bosque.

One other skating opportunity I remember, on a pond (in Texas talk, a "tank") about a half mile southeast of the college campus. I had been laid up with a sick spell and was not wholly back to full strength, but the opportunity was too rare to miss. That was in the winter of 1896-97. That little pond has long since been blanked out by graded streets and residences. So don't try to check up on me; I tried it long ago; there is no trace of a pond there.

WE PULLED LOG AFTER LOG OUT OF THE STREAM--TIED THEM TOGETHER--

# 18

# Some McLennan County Boys in Old Add-Ran

BASEBALL WAS THE ONE POPULAR SPORT throughout the United States in the Nineteenth Century, and vigorous down through the final decade of the century. But that last decade was the time when football was born in Texas. One of my proudest recollections of my youth is that I had a part in ushering it in in 1896. The physical exercise for the boys prior to that time, in Add-Ran, had been military drill.

The student who had the reputation for the most exacting and accurate drilling was Ellsworth Faris, whose career turned out to be that of a basic missionary to the Belgian Congo in Africa, and thereby hangs a long and enriching tale, which, however, does not belong in this story. It only started in the 90's. The chief proponent of the drilling was Professor A. C. Easley, head of the College of Business (mostly bookkeeping, stenography, and typing, the predecessor of the modern school of business administration). Easley was the red-headed father of Brigadier General Claudius Easley, whose life was lost in Japan in World War II. Professor A. C. Easley was the spark who set off the fire for football, along with Professor Addison Clark, Junior. The latter was the last man you would pick out for football; he was small, scholarly, underdeveloped physically, and more bookish than sporty. But he had been to the University of Michigan for his graduate study, and had caught the spirit. These two professors and twenty students uniformed in long distinguishing stockings, eleven black, eleven blue, lined up on that Thanksgiving Day, 1896 (of course, I was one of the twenty-two) for the first attempt at football. As I recall the picture it was not just like our modern version of the game. The boys were arranged in two lines facing each other, standing straight up; the ball was kicked off, and most of the ground gained was by kicking the ball. But that was only preliminary; the next fall saw a coach employed on the campus, Joe Y. Fields, M. D., and the modern system. There was some good football in those days and some husky players.[1] But some of the players had more spirit than physique. That applied especially to the second team. Yes, we had enough players for two teams, but no more. I was captain of the second team, and played fullback, weight 120 pounds. My roommate, Guy Inman (later distinguished statesman and Latin-American specialist) was quarterback, weight 110. (He also wore a truss, but that was a secret; but I was his roommate.)[2]

Of course, this spirit in athletics attracted the attention of the local boys, even from out in the country. Some of these local boys were drawn into the life of the school and became substantial contributors to its life and fruitage. One of these local boys, a close associate of mine, an outstanding student, was Charles Herring, with whom I became on terms of intimate friendship. He was one of the boys who earliest volunteered for service in the Spanish-American War in 1898. He was among the casualties who did not return. At that time we did not know of "drafting" for arms; we considered that was a German device, foreign to America. Two other local boys who were my friends, never to be forgotten, were Banton Moore (son of James I. Moore, my Sunday school teacher), and Pierce Bailey, who became a prominent public school teacher and executive.

One such local lad, Leo R. Meyer, turned out to be perpetual T. C. U. football coach and finally Athletic Director, "Dutch" Meyer. Another lad, from Bosqueville, the son of the "country doctor" there, was Edwin Elliott, who hung around the campus continually until he enrolled as a student. He became employed by Ayres' Chain Store, came to Fort Worth in business, entered T. C. U. as a ministerial student, made an heroic record in World War I, returned to T. C. U. as Dean of Men before he achieved his Bachelor's degree, then became the head of Economics and finally, and still is, the Director of the Southwestern Section of the National Labor Relations Board, doing an outstanding job of it, as well as a valued elder in the church.

Another McLennan County boy who joined his life with T. C. U. and became a marvellous blessing to the institution was Milton Daniel. After an unusually worthy record in football in 1909, when he received his B. A. degree, he went to the University of Texas Law School for his LL. B., then returned to T. C. U. as football coach and Professor in the Law school. Later, he got into the oil rush in Breckenridge, became associated with Breck Walker in the bank there, and succeeded him as its President. Milton remained single and a church leader. He told President Sadler that he had an ambition to give to T. C. U. a larger estate than that of the Burnett Trust. That very thing he did! His estate, left in almost its entirety to T. C. U. in 1958 on his death, now being handled through the First National Bank of Fort Worth is estimated to be worth more than seven million dollars.

When a T. C. U. official is asked, "Where do you get your most capable coaches?" the answer is, "We raise 'em." The same reply may be made, in this case, too, concerning its donors.

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[1] Pictured on page 256, *History of T. C. U.* by C. D. Hall; also picture of the first champion baseball team, 1904; also the whole story of athletics in this period of the university.

[2] At this point in writing this story, in order to refresh my memory, I turned to the complete story of athletics in T. C. U. as I had published it in 1947 in *The History of T. C. U.*, and found it so interesting, even fascinating, that I could not put it down until I had read the entire chapter of 31 pages. You should read it; you won't be ashamed of it.

# 19

# Wortham's "Hash House"

WHEN ADD-RAN MOVED INTO WACO ON CHRISTmas Day, 1895, it moved into the huge four-storey "fireproof" brick that had been erected for the Methodist College for Girls. The "fireproof" feature consisted of brick walls between rooms; but the staircases were completely wooden and they formed quite an energetic draft of air to encourage and excite the spreading of the fire after it got started in 1910. The building had been designed for the proposed Waco Female College, with all activities in the one great structure: library, chapel, dining hall, recitation rooms and living rooms for the young ladies and teachers. But of course there was no provision for boys. So when Add-Ran moved in, boarding houses for boys sprang up in the neighboring blocks. There was the Schafer House on 18th Street, very nearby, the smaller Hunter House even closer, and Mrs. Chevalier's on Mitchell (?) Street a half block away. But away down on Fifteenth and Herring, Brother "On" Wortham ran a corner grocery store with his residence to the south and a servants' house west on Herring. All of this plant he fixed up for a boys' residence, with Mrs. Wortham in the kitchen and "Brother Wortham" all over the place. He made it attractive by charging only $11.00 a month for room and board, including coal for his pot-bellied stoves in the winter.

We had to chop our own wood, however to start the fires. The old man was a careful watcher after the corners. When the little stove would get the room very hot, too hot to stay awake and study, the natural thing for the boys to do was to raise the window for fresh air. The "Old Man" would come bursting into the room, hollering, "Here you are with a red-hot stove and the window up, wasting my coal."

Professor Hamner, always the beloved director of the Glee Club because he could sing the tenor part as no other, and was a lovable bachelor, occupied the number one room, in front with the bay windows – the one that had been the parlor. With him lived his student-protege, Bob Marquis. Number two, just behind it, was assigned to Guy Inman and me; I was an old-time Waco friend, you see. There were some dozen or more boys, including the last one that had been squeezed in an extra room that was made by building a roof over the space between two servant houses, "as was." Of course, that did not provide space or any window. The boy assigned to that extra shed came wandering into our room one day "just looking around," counting windows and remarking, "You boys have two more windows than I have." We did not take the hint. I told him what a nuisance Inman was, practicing on his cornet all the time; and Inman solemnly warned him never to let them put him in with Hall. "He thumps with his fingers all the time he is studying till he's a nuisance as a roommate." By such devious diplomacy we retained a larger-than-average-sized room for Hall and Inman. Of course, we had our own private little frictions. Who should go out and chop the wood to start a fire? I felt the need for fire one day, went out and chopped some little wood and got sufficiently warmed up by the exercise, came in and went back to my books. "Bud, don't you think it's getting cold enough for a fire?" remarked Guy. "No, Bud, I'm quite warm, thank you."

A Houston saloonkeeper sent two of his young sons to Add-Ran as students for the good influence it would be for the teen-agers, provided they could live at the same house as Inman. They were city kids, constantly amazed at the way the chickens, turkeys and other domestic animals lived. Guy took his responsibility not too seriously, but watched over them cordially and did them a lot of good.

"Brother On" (his name was "On," but his initials were N. O.) was good natured, the farmers had learned. They would come by, on the way out to Bosqueville or somewhere out that way, load up the wagon with groceries at his store, then riding off, say, "Just charge that, 'Brother Wortham'." I don't know on which he lost more, the farmers or the students.

In March, 1960, we rode by the old places out on "the hill." The old Wortham House was there, intact; but the extra houses in the rear were gone. Several other old places were still intact, including the home of President Addison Clark, later occupied by Dr. Eskridge and "Brother" Perkinson. The modest frame residence at 1809 Herring, which my wife and I occupied the night of our wedding and for two years thereafter, was still there, but too crowded in by business houses. We did not succeed in locating the old residence of Judge Gerald, which formerly stood in the midst of the cedar trees.

## 20

# Politics in Texas in the "Gay Nineties"

WHEN WE CAME TO WACO, WE WERE GLAD TO find that the Democratic Party was running the politics, locally and statewide. For in Kansas, as Democrats, we boys were lonesome. My father and his father were the only Democrats we knew. My older brother and I got so lonesome for excitement that we joined in the Republican torchlight procession for Blaine and Logan for United States President. But of course, we had it over the Republican boys when our candidates won the election: Cleveland and Hendricks.

But Texas campaigns were not lacking in excitement and contests, even though all were Democrats. In 1893 a Waco citizen, George Clark (1841-1888), who had been on the Court of Civil Appeals in 1879-80, was a candidate for the governorship. He had an elegant residence on Columbus Street, about Eighth and Ninth. I knew the place well, for I walked past it twice a day on the way from home to the store and back. I remember vividly that a large ferocious-sounding dog came running after me, every time I passed. He made too much noise to be serious, so I concluded he was a bluffing coward, and one day, I challenged him with a vigorous kick. He tucked his tail and ran back into the yard. After that he would come with his bellowing bark; until he recognized me, then he would softly turn around and walk back in the yard.

Judge Clark was a corporation lawyer, recognized as a capable attorney and a leading citizen. An aged elder in our church, Dr. Thomas Moore, let it be known that he was supporting his fellow-townsman. He was too full of dignity for a politician but was so interested in politics that he announced for "senator" after he was too aged to be considered seriously. But his son, James I. Moore, a vigorous, younger man, lawyer and real estate agent, came out strongly for Jim Hogg, the "man of the people," who won handily and made a great governor. They must have had a flair for unique humor, for he had a daughter named Ima Hogg who became a lady of some distinction and ability. There should have been another one named Ura Hogg. Maybe there was. Hogg started out as a lawyer of moderate means, but his son, Will Hogg, endowed the Hogg Foundation, backing up the University of Texas.

My impression was that local politics were operated mostly by and for the court house crowd, who were headed and managed by the employees in the court house. That was the impression made on a teen-age youth in the Gay Nineties. A few of the caucusses I attended and listened in on.

National politics were more interesting and exciting. That was the very decade when William Jennings Bryan appeared on the horizon. His was an appeal to the common man against the intrenched "plutocrats," and he reaped quite a harvest of support from the ground that had been plowed and harrowed by the recent hot and noisy Populist campaigning. At the time of the Democratic Convention in Chicago, in 1896, where Bryan delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech, that won him the nomination for the presidency, I was in Washington, D. C. attending the National Christian Endeavor Convention. If that had been in the later generation, we would have heard Bryan's famous oration over the air. As it was, we read it in the newspapers, and heard it repeated again and again for years, in schoolboy orations. At last, we had the distinction and excitement of a personal visit by the distinguished candidate. That must have been during his second or third race. A Bryan Club had been organized on the campus of Add-Ran where I was living at the time. A younger brother of mine, Gorden B. Hall, the politically minded member of the family, was the president of the local Bryan Club. A committee met Mr. Bryan downtown in the Pacific Hotel, and naturally, I went along. The one feature of the distinguished orator that impressed me was his wide mouth; the mark, I assumed, of a great orator. In a much later generation, some traveling by me in Nebraska revealed the honor in which he was held by his home people. His home in Lincoln was a prime show-place; and worthy of the distinction.

In Kansas I had heard of "Sockless Jerry Simpson" in politics, a candidate for senator of the Populist Party. That was a sort of uprising of the underprivileged farmers and some laborers, demanding a large share of the goods of life. It was still quite active in Texas in the 1890's, though much of its zeal had passed on to the Bryan candidacy.

Though not much interested in politics, I did have one personal contact with one of the foremost Populist campaigners. He was a whirlwind type of speaker, from Sulphur Springs, whose breezy style of speaking had earned for him the popular name of "Cyclone" Davis. His son was a fellow-student of mine in Add-Ran College, and we became good friends. The father, himself, was a good churchman and oftentimes used his speaking powers in the pulpit, though not professing to be a preacher. "Cyclone" Davis was elected and served one term in the United States Congress, where he made himself heard and felt. The last time I saw him, his years were heavy; he, a widower, had married a widow with a good home and some income in Kaufman and was living quietly. The son, inspired by his father's example, adopted his style of speech, ran a newspaper and had his name legally adopted as "Cyclone" Davis. With him through the years, I had occasional contacts.

The field in which "Cyclone" Davis used his powers most effectively, however, was that of the Prohibition Movement, rather than Populist politics. The Anti-Saloon League, I believe, was not organized until about 1908, but many a hot prohibition fight and election excited the public prior to that.

Waco had many men of prominence and even fame, within her list of citizens. One of the top on this list was Senator Richard Coke, whose impressive residence in South Waco, I well remember. But the most impressive item about him that I recall was the day of his funeral. He was buried in Oakwood Cemetery in 1897, during a most violent thunderstorm. He had been born in historic Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1839, graduated from its William and Mary College (the second oldest in the United States), came to Waco to practice law with his freshly won admission to the bar in 1860, won distinction during the days of Reconstruction by being removed from the office of Supreme Court Judge to which he had been elected in 1866 by General Phil Sheridan (as an "impediment to reconstruction"). He was also famous for defeating the reconstruction Governor E. J. Davis for that office in 1876, resigning in 1877 to become U. S. Senator from 1877 to 1885. He was indeed an honored and famous citizen of Waco, whom I revered along with every other citizen of the town, but whom I never saw alive.

# 21

# Sports and Entertainment in the "Gay Nineties"

THE ONE HIGH SCHOOL IN WACO HAD A CAMPUS on South Fourth and Webster, that would have been doubtfully large enough for a baseball diamond if it had had no buildings on it, and football had not yet been introduced; college football was introduced in Texas in that decade and in Waco on the Add-Ran campus in 1896. Baseball had already earned its title as the great American sport. The league baseball park was noticeable to the traveler who entered the city of Waco by the MKT Railway, for it was located just diagonally from the depot on South Eighth. Intercollegiate football games had barely begun to develop, so they were mostly confined to local contests between Baylor and Add-Ran. There were two football games a season between these two local colleges in the last three years of the decade, and the rivalry developed to such a temperature that in the next decade, a fist fight usually followed each game. It required several decades to develop "college sport" up to the standard of the later years.[1]

Of course the circus, Barnum and Bailey for example, had been going for some years. But I cannot recall a single circus that I attended in Texas; my first one was in McPherson, Kansas, where I also enjoyed my first banana. In Waco, I was too busy a business man for such frivolity.

It might be well to surmise that most of the entertainment of the town centered around Garland's Opera House, and maybe it did. I would not know. Only one entertainment did I attend there; that was the lecture by the renowned infidel, Bob Ingersoll, which is reported in another chapter. It had a really important influence on my life.

The minstrel shows I did not care for; I could get my fill of that variety from the free "medicine shows" on the street. Of course, as for real opera, there was none available, either grand or comic. Classical music, and the taste for it, was not much developed. Personally, my taste for it came much later by way of the playing of a "player piano" which I purchased in the twenties, while our son and daughter were studying music appreciation in the public schools. (I bought out the stock of rolls in classical music; the proprietor sold them cheap; he said they were hard to sell.)

Garland's Opera House may have been a paying investment, but I doubt it. A general attitude toward the playhouse type of entertainment may be revealed in the following story of one prominent citizen of Waco, Judge G. B. Gerald. He was an old ex-Confederate soldier from Mississippi, introduced in the chapter on Brann's *Iconoclast*. They had sent their one daughter to fashionable colleges in the East, Stannton, Virgin and Mary Baldwin in Baltimore. There she had imbibed a new slant on culture and had turned out to be an actress, which set her apart from the class of decent respectable ladies, according to the standards of the Gerald home; hence, he withdrew his recognition from her as his child. She came to Waco, as a member of a traveling troupe, and played in the Garland Opera House. But the Judge did not attend; he did not even have her in his home. To that home an actress was an outcast. It was all right to have a shooting scrape on the street. But the stage? Not for a good family!

Without any doubt, the most entertaining entertainment and the most satisfying that I encountered in the Nineties, I got at the Star Course of Lectures at the Y.M.C.A. I joined the "Y" for the exercise I could get from the gymnasium feature. The lecture series was open to all, and I bought a ticket every year. Several of the features were outstanding. Of course, the Glee Clubs and Quartets were charming to me; I was in the midst of this as a singer most of the time in college soon after. But the features that impressed me most vividly were several lectures. The two lectures that stand out in my memory when all the others have faded away were by Professor John B. DeMotte. His first one was entitled "The Harp of the Senses." He used a stereopticon to make his illustrations, the first of which was a huge harp with its long, large bass strings at the bottom, to the short, fine strings at the top. These were shown to represent the various vibrations in nature, of sounds, light, electricity, X-ray, and (as a foretaste) electronics (though that name was not used). He started out with sound, making the sound of middle C by an instrument and telling that it was the sound of sixteen vibrations to the second, then running up the scale to the high notes with much faster vibrations. Then he told of the notes too high for the human ear to catch, but audible to the hound dog and other animals. Then the vibrations of electricity and waves of light; the various colors of the spectrum, and so on. He showed large gaps in the set of strings in the harp which, he said, would some day be filled in with the development of science. He even predicted the X-ray and forecast in general the field of electronics. With what interest I have watched the development of these several fields of the harp of the sense, as I have studied physics, electronics, and experimental psychology (in Columbia University in 1903-04 under Professor J. McKeen Cattell, who introduced the study of Experimental Psychology from Germany).

Professor DeMotte's second lecture was on "The Python Egg and the American Boy." It was an illustration of the working of the power of habit. He told a harrowing story of the egg of the python, so harmless; then the development of the snake from the egg, how weak and mild when little, how powerful when grown. So the secret of acquiring good habits and avoiding bad ones is to control them when young. It was not a sermon, but it made an impression much deeper than any sermon. It opened up fields of thought that I have used through the years, even in psychology classes — even Professor Cattell's! I will ever have a feeling of gratitude for the Star Course. How awakening and stimulating a course of good lectures can be!

Among the varieties of entertainers, one who created the most curiosity among the students of Add-Ran, perhaps, was the mesmerist. He gave first a supposedly serious lecture on the "science of mesmerism," then followed it up by some demonstrations. Of course it was the latter which caught the attention of the audience. To me that was a reminder of the lectures I had heard years before in Kansas on "Spiritualism" in which the lecturer put his partner to sleep, called up a spirit, and sent strains of music floating through the air from one direction, then another. Another of the same time and place was one "Wild Horse Charlie." He was a "pretty boy" type with long hair down to his shoulders, dressed in a Prince Albert coat. He wore a broad brimmed hat, not at all a cowboy type.

This mesmerist in Waco put on a really entertaining show. He simulated a sort of a baseball game, played by college boys who volunteered from the audience, with all sorts of odds and ends of funny situations thrown in. The audience, including myself, never felt sure whether the boys had been coached or whether they were really hypnotized. The lecturer, of course, agreed to teach the science of mesmerism to those who were interested. Several persons took lessons and before very long we had several impromptu volunteers in the neighborhood, claiming to have mastered the art. With one such of these I came into contact in a semi-serious encounter. I was calling at the home of a girl friend on South Fifth Street in Waco along with a company of friends, and this young man who had become a manipulator of the science of mesmerism was among the guests, and offered his services to operate on volunteers. The young lady who was my special friend from the old "store" days, volunteered to be worked on. The "expert" went through the motions of fixing her attention closely and "sleep, sleep," etc. until Mable was really asleep. He was an expert for sure. Until! Until it was time for her to wake up — then she failed to respond. Soon we realized that it was real; she could not wake up! Then I got panicky; she was my special "girl" that evening and I felt responsible. Another young man and I took her by the arms on either side and walked her up and down the sidewalk in the night air for nearly an hour before we could arouse her completely. We lost faith in *amateur* mesmerists. That was a time when the idea was new, the public curious and some entertainers were looking for something to excite the curiosity of the public. It was several decades later before the science of hypnotism came into serious usage by doctors and other serious investigators.

What about the moving pictures? The first one I ever saw was on a back street in New Orleans in 1907, I think. I have a thrilling story in connection with the first movie I saw in the 1900's, but that was not in the "Gay Nineties," so it is not eligible here and now.

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[1] The whole story of the growth of College athletics in Add-Ran is narrated and illustrated in my *History of T. C. U.*

# 22

# Health

THERE WERE MANY MORE SICK PEOPLE IN THAT generation than in these later ones. Nearly every family included one or more sick persons. Usually it was the grandparents, or some person over fifty or at least sixty, who were more or less expected to be useless on account of some settled illness. Many situations and conditions and customs account for this practical invalidism. Why, thus, were so many "laid on the shelf?"

As I think of these, now thus far away, they become clear to me, although I was unaware of them at the time. The doctors were not used so much then as now. Of course, any doctor would come when called; they were not like the modern physicians; most of these today are either specialists or are subject to house calls only in emergency. Of course, hospitals were rare, then, and little used. But even with the doctor willing to respond to a home call, think how slow was the process of getting him. We must assume that there was no phone in the home. By the 1890's the doctor, normally, would have a phone, but few of the patients would have one, even after they became available. We had no phone in our home in the 1890's, I know. Hence, to get the doctor required, first, the hitching up of the horse to the buggy by someone in the patient's family; then the doctor's horse had to be hitched up also, and the drive made. How slow would that journey seem to us these days!

Also, people did not go to the doctor's office much then. The offices were not, for the most part, very available. Usually the doctor's office was downtown upstairs over the stores, often the drug store, at the head of a long stairway. Usually it was not inviting or well kept, because no one used it much besides the doctor himself. How different in the 1950's. The doctor is to be found in these days in an office building — the "doctor's building" — or better, in a clinic with several doctors — and a handy parking lot. If such readiness of access had been available in that early day, there would not have been so many confirmed "invalids" or "permanent incurables." Rheumatism (I never heard of arthritis in those days) was counted as one of the marks of advanced age, say past fifty. So when aches and pains appeared they were endured for years before being taken seriously, and by that time they were, indeed, fixtures. Other ailments accepted in the class of "incurables" became so by lack of the proper vitamins (a modern invention). Such was "pellagra," greatly dreaded then, but rare now, because the right vitamin is readily available. Others accepted as incurable then are readily warded off now, by one vitamin or another. Rickets is one that often left children maimed for lack of vitamin D.

Vaccines, also, have changed the picture greatly, since that early day. Smallpox was probably the most dreaded scourge in the days of my boyhood. I remember one good friend who had it; the kin would take food to the house, set it on the gate post for the family to come out and pick up, but never would the two come close to each other. He recovered; but many did not. The same dread applied to diphtheria and typhoid, and somewhat to pneumonia. Malaria has a similar, yet different improvement. Before mosquitos were discovered as the horrible agent of malaria (barely new, in 1890's), quinine was the one dependable specific. Victims by the thousands held their regular "chillin' days" every other day or every two or three, and so on. This has since become another of the "dread diseases" that are no longer dreaded.

By the way, I had a personal experience with malaria that was unusual. Having encountered the symptoms that indicated malaria, I took a microscope from the T. C. U. laboratory (by the kind permission of the professor of biology, my friend) up to my room and studied the sporulation of the "bugs" as they emerged on my "chillin' days." It was an illuminating sight. The big egg broke, and set loose a stream of little "bugs" regularly into the blood stream. This sporulation was the occasion of the chill. It kept on multiplying until the bugs were all killed by the quinine. It was Warburg's Tincture that cured my case; the taste was worse than quinine, believe it or not. Yes, the general use of capsules had not come in style yet.

Cancer? I never heard of it in the 1890's.

Tuberculosis? We called it "consumption" — a very suggestive name. It was a very common disease, and commonly dreaded. The concept of spreading by germs was not generally known in those days, so precautions were not taken, as later. I worked by the side of Jim Stephens for several years. He was always very thin; he answered an ad for medicine that could guarantee to make thin persons fleshly. It did not work on him and he called for his money back. They explained that some persons were naturally "built like greyhounds;" "perhaps you are one of these." The last time I saw Jim was in the 1900's in Abilene. He had moved to West Texas for his health. My last word from him said he was living out-of-doors, in a covered wagon, seeking health. He died soon after from "consumption."

That was a disease that took many a person, in earlier days than the 1950's. When I was preparing my little book on the life of Rice Haggard, 1957, I learned that forbiddingly large numbers of early Americans had shortened lives. Haggard died at the age of fifty; a dozen or more of his fellow-preachers at a lesser age. Jonathan Edwards, President of Princeton University, died at fifty-five, his successor, Samuel Davies, at thirty-seven.

The fact that so many diseases were accepted as incurable, and that on so many more the doctors could use only palliatives rather than cures, left the field wide open for the pressing of fake cures, and even of fake doctors. It was the golden age of the mountebank. The loud-mouthed spieler of the patented elixir, hawking his "marvelous discovery" on the street was most common. How that long-haired, long-tailcoated, loudmouthed faker would envy the T. V. purveyor of rapid cures, pressed on the viewing public in these days of T. V. The old-time street spieler would look with envy and marvel at the idea of speaking to an audience of millions of people at once. The long blond curls of "Wild Horse Charlie" would have turned green with envy at even the dream of such a bonanza.

The favorite setups for such selling were the blackface show, featuring a darky or an imitation — one of the burnt-cork variety — to draw the crowd or else a naturally gifted, smart white man with a glib tongue and a hat full of old jokes to sell the stuff. Of course, he had a concoction of some drug, usually heavily laden with enough alcohol content to assure a quick sense of rejuvenation, to make a show of improved feeling.

I am tempted to remark that no one felt envious of the man who had to make his living in this fashion. Yet, I well remember one family in Waco — and a fine family, too, including two attractive, popular, smart girls whose father, so we understood, was a retired medicine vendor of this popular (or unpopular) sort. He could still spiel. His daughters, also, were fluent talkers. They could make excellent talks in the Christian Endeavor meetings. On more than one occasion they brought their father along and he gave us the benefit of his natural eloquence. The style still persisted, though he had retired from the business.

The difficulty in getting doctors naturally led to the habit of home treatment for illnesses. Mother and Father were not only good nurses but also good dependence for home treatments without calling the doctor. When I was twenty years old, Father taught me the use of the enema. Economy in finances also had its influence in this direction, I am sure. Families were usually large, in those days, which gave opportunity for experience. So many simple remedies became common knowledge, handed down by family tradition. Some of it came down from the generations when they used herbs, even those gathered from the plentiful woods, which were no longer available. Sarsaparilla tea was regularly used in the spring time to "thin the blood," as the expression was used. The sarsaparilla roots, formerly dug up in the woods, were available at the drug store. The best remembered by all children of that generation would be asafoetida, which was a foul-smelling gum, hung around the neck in a small cloth sack; it was supposed to ward off some diseases. We used to think it was the smell (worse than garlic) which did it. Our father had his own specifics for many of the diseases, and when he was in doubt, he used the "Doctor's Book," up there on the shelf where it belonged. With that he was quite familiar; so was Mother. By the way, I have a "Doctor's Book" in my library, right now, published in 1943. (Cost? nothing; never used.) I well remember that about 1886, when our little sister, Katherine, was going through her fatal illness of pneumonia, they used onion poultices day after day for weeks. That may be the source of my prejudice against onions. Other prejudices and preferences of mine date from the years of childhood. As a small boy, I would go around the table, after the meal, and drink the left-over coffee in the several cups, so fond was I of the drink. But when I was twelve, I was told, and became convinced, that a certain neighbor boy, Henry, was a victim of nerves by his drinking of coffee. Henry was tall and thin and when he would stand up, his knees would tremble. That repelled me. I was bowlegged; that was all right, but no shaking, nervous knees for me, so I said good-bye to coffee. It was later, I am sure, that I learned something of the ill effects of caffeine. In any event, in later years, as a high blood pressure patient, my doctor's orders were to avoid coffee as unnecessary.

How grateful should we all be, in this twentieth century, for the vast improvement in the medical arts, the medical schools, the discovery of new drugs, and the availability of so many hospitals. Included in the list of our blessings should be the developed custom of a regular check up by the family physician. This is a habit that was rare in the "old days." Also should be added the patience and persistence of the laboratory experimenters in developing the new line of effective drugs — "wonder drugs" — or antibiotics, despite their exorbitant expensiveness.

One other personal experience: From early childhood, I had had an infection of the inner ear. At times it included a "running" (suppuration). At the time I was about twenty-six, I was advised by my good friend and specialist, Dr. Ferrell, that an operation on the mastoid was indicated. He said that most doctors would require the operation, but "There is so much risk of cutting a nerve and causing permanent disfigurement, that I advise you to take the risk of postponement." Once in a while it will take a spell of "running," but it can be cleaned and will dry up. Several friends have screwed-up faces on account of broken nerves from the operation, which I passed up. Just recently, when I described my condition to our family doctor, he remarked somewhat casually, "A mastoiditis operation is rare these days; these wonder drugs, antibiotics, kill out the infection so readily." That was good news to me. Many of us have reasons to be thankful for the "wonder drugs." Sometimes we are almost persuaded that they are worth the price we have to pay for them!

## 23

# The One War of the "Nineties"

MY PARENTS DID NOT RAISE ME TO BE A SOLDIER. Many neighbors and friends glorified the martial spirit, but, as I remember it was mostly because of the honor they felt due to the old soldiers who had participated in the recent Civil War. Memorial Day, May 1 up North, and Decoration Day, down South, May 30, kept the campfires burning in memories. I remember distinctly several old Union soldiers, in Kansas, who drew pensions from the Federal Government. As the pay day drew near, each quarter, the old wound would get worse and worse. One particular old fellow, I remember, could hardly walk to the Post Office to get his pay check. But he always made it. In our family, we bore no old grudges; we were not looking for a fight.

One opportunity I had, to become a soldier definitely. While I was a student in the Waco High School, my principal, Professor Gambel, told me that our congressman had asked him to name a boy who would, in his opinion, make a good student in West Point; he must submit a nomination and wanted Professor Gambel to name him. "The place is yours, Colby, if you want it," said the principal. I appreciated the offer, as I told him, but did not want to make a career as a soldier. So I thanked him and turned it down.

When our only son was in his first grades in public school we had a neighbor family across the street and in the same church, good friends who had a kinsman's son living with them, going to the same public school as our son. He had a notion that every boy must be a fighter to show his manliness — or something. Our son had not learned it that way, but the neighbor boy was always spoiling for a fight. Not that he was mad; he just wanted to fight. One day, as they and several other boys were on their way from school, they passed by a place where I could observe them without their knowing it. I saw them lay down their books and gather 'round, while the "fighter" doubled up his fists and squared off at Colby, Junior. But the latter did not respond; he had no quarrel to settle; he was not looking for a fight. It was hard for me to resist the urge to go to the rescue of my son; but I knew he must learn to fight his own battles; Dad could not always be handy, so I withheld. Having no opposition, the "fighter" gave it up; it was too tame; they all picked up their books and peaceably wended their way homeward. That, of course, was later than the "Gay Nineties."

We had, however, what we thought was a real war in 1898 — the Spanish-American War. It stirred the campus, of course, but I did not get excited. We were not called upon to defend our homes or our country. There was no thought of drafting anybody. I had known several German families who had migrated from Germany to get away from the drafting, there, into the army; they despised the system. With us, in 1898, it was all a matter of volunteering. My older brother did not care for school, so he volunteered. One of my close fellow-students volunteered and did not come back; he died of disease in the army. I had other plans which I thought were more important to me and more valuable to my country.

Fortunately, the war was short. The Spanish fleet was bottled up in a Cuban harbor and was destroyed in flight; there was some difference of opinion as to whom the glory belonged, but Admiral Schley settled that by his telegram: "There's glory enough for us all." And the friends of Admiral Sampson were satisfied. "Teddy" Roosevelt, bursting with energy and thirsting for glory — or something — led the "rough riders" up San Juan Hill in a burst of patriotism, and went on to the Vice-Presidency, then to the Presidency and to real glory. In the light of the two World Wars that followed, that one was just a skirmish, but it was glory in America's freeing weaker peoples, Cuba and the Philippines, and leaving them free voluntarily. That was the glory of America.

During World War I, I sometimes twitted my children with the remark, "If I had accepted my West Point scholarship, I would now be a General." At that time, I was not surprised when Major K. M. Van Zandt, an ex-Confederate soldier and then General Commander of the ex-Confederate soldiers, objected strenuously to the newly imposed system of drafting citizens for military service. It was a distinct departure. In the Gay Nineties, there was no talk and no thought of any drafting, hence, no mention of a "slacker." During the time of the Civil War, my understanding is that a man who did not want to volunteer for service could employ a substitute, and some wealthy men did that very thing.

## 24

# Becoming A Preacher

THEY TELL ME THAT AS A SMALL BOY, I USED TO play preacher, even to imitating the baptizing act. All I remember of that is the hearing about it. After my mother passed away, father told me that he and mother, at the time of my birth, agreed to dedicate me to the ministry. Neither of these "premonitions" could have had any direct influence on my decision for the ministry, I am sure, for I knew nothing of them at the time of decision.

My first conscious interest in the ministry was through the activity in the church program in Central Christian Church at Waco. That, of course, was in the Sunday School and the Christian Endeavor Society, which was the form of youth activity at that time. It was not any particular preacher that charmed me; rather, I was somewhat critical of most of them — at least, free to express criticism when I felt it. Brother F. N. Calvin, my pastor, was my ideal, I am sure, although I did not deem him perfect. The real point of decision was rather dramatic — dramatic inside me, only. The spark plug that touched it off was an infidel — the most famous agnostic of that generation — Robert G. Ingersoll — in person! Waco had a coterie of "free thinkers" or agnostics — and a periodical published by Mr. Shaw. His son, Tye Shaw, was a High School mate of mine and a fellow newsboy. We boys were good friends, but I was not favorably interested in Tye's views of religion. (He succeeded his father, after his decease, as editor of the "Free Thinker" periodical.) There were a goodly number of "free thinkers" about town who egotistically prided themselves on their status, and no doubt some were influenced by it, but not openly. There was enough interest to secure Mr. Ingersoll a lecture date at the Opera House in Waco. That was prior to my entrance into Add-Ran, while I was working as a bookkeeper. I went to the lecture, determined to maintain an open mind. And I believe I did. Ingersoll had the reputation of being one of the most eloquent orators in America. I determined to get my money's worth. I had to shell out a full round silver dollar as the price of admission. I remember that well, for I was then trying to save up all those dollars for schooling. Several distinct impressions were made on me by that occasion. One was, he deserves the reputation for eloquence. Before that was firmly settled, though, another impression became very distinct: his coterie of followers in the audience were of a distinctly low caliber, both mentally and culturally. I could discern them in the audience, as I looked down on them (of course, I was in the less costly upstairs). They were coarse, self-important, partisan, and here on this, their occasion, bold in expression. But the most telling impression made on me was how much I agreed with the speaker, and how little he had to say beyond my agreements. Now I had read some history by that time, and was full of the teachings of the Reformation (Disciples). I knew much of the errors that had crept into the Church during the Middle Ages and which had brought on the Protestant Reformation; just enough of this to realize that many of the errors of Protestantism could not be defended; and many of the errors of Roman Catholicism. But I was surprised to discover that Ingersoll's caustic criticisms of Christianity consisted of diatribes against the very errors of which I knew, and classified as errors of the Church. Of course, the persecution by the Romanists was wrong; I knew that already.

As to his "Mistakes of Moses," as yet I was only generally acquainted with the Bible, had no definite school of thought to which I was committed, whether fundamentalist or liberal, for instance, but I had a good quantity of common sense, and I could readily discern that most of his caustic slashes against Moses were far-fetched and overdrawn. They pelted my hide without more than tickling it.

From that lecture, that night, I turned away in a spirit somewhat of elation. Much underbrush of criticism against religion had been cleared away. Doubtless, I had been unaware how much those criticisms against Christianity and religion had really influenced me. I was now relieved. It required several hours of meditation to come to my clear realization of these facts. It was about four o'clock in the morning when my mind had cleared away the whole question. But by that time, I was able to go to sleep, with a definite dedication of my life to the Christian ministry. From that hour this decision has never wavered. Another frank talk with my pastor, Brother F. N. Calvin, brought encouragement and more clear plans. He assured me of his confidence in me and that "some of the brethren" would be ready to aid in the financing of the required education. (I never called on him for the fulfillment of that assurance. But James I. Moore made it good. I never sought it. One Christmas season, when he learned that I had taken an extra job at Goldstein and Migel's Department Store, he gave me word to come and live in his hotel, room and board free, for the rest of the school year. This invitation I accepted, for the spring semester of 1898).

So I can say, "Viva la Ingersoll;" he nudged me into the Christian ministry.

It was not long afterward that Add-Ran College moved from the country to Waco. Was that a move of Providence? At least, I determined to start to college there, and did, in the fall of 1896.

When I told Mr. Neumegen, my Jew boss, that I was resigning, he seemed surprised. "Aren't we paying you enough? I'll raise you from $75.00 to $100.00 a month. Why are you leaving?" When I told him I was going to college to prepare to become a preacher, he sobered. Tears actually came in his eyes — something I had never before seen in him. Then he took a walk about the store, as he often did when bothered. Coming back to the office, he laid his hand on my arm and said, "It's all right, Co'by. It's all right. God bless you, Co'by. Go ahead and make a preacher. Our girls are wild; our boys are going to the devil; but my God! What would it be if it weren't for the churches?"

So I was convinced by an agnostic and blessed by a Jew to "make" a Christian preacher.

My ordination came later, in the form of a letter, recording a vote of the elders of the Central Christian Church and endorsing me as worthy of ordination. The formalities, in those days in our communion, were quite informal.

The actual beginning of preaching, too, was somewhat unusual, not to say dramatic. The spirit of evangelism was strong in the Central Christian Church of Waco. One expression of it, besides Christian Endeavor, was in the establishment of Mission Sunday Schools, on Sunday afternoons. How that one got started, I cannot now recall; my picture begins when I was the Superintendent of the East Waco Christian Sunday School. It met regularly on Sunday afternoons. It was in that capacity that I was in the process of learning the feminine mind. One afternoon, just after greeting the people as they came straggling in, I discovered a small girl (about eight or ten) crying on the front pew. I thought maybe I had neglected to speak to her. I discreetly inquired about, and discovered that the young lady was heartbroken because "Brother Hall" had not observed that she was wearing "a brand new dress—the most beautiful ever!"

Well, one Sunday morning at Central, out of the clear blue sky, Brother Calvin announced, "This afternoon at the East Waco Sunday School, you are all invited to come and hear our young brother, Colby Hall, preach his first sermon. I don't know how many people were surprised to hear this, but I know I was the most surprised of all. But I never batted an eye. That sermon was already prepared. The outline is still in my file. The text was II Corinthians 3:2. Some friends from Central came. The East Waco members came. So, soon thereafter I announced to the East Waco people, at Sunday School, "If you folks will come out at the eleven o'clock hour on Sunday morning and listen, I will preach for you every Sunday, and we will have regular Communion Service." Nothing was said about salary. But some got to thinking about it. There was an elderly widow, the mother of a railroad worker, who always brought her lantern at evening services (we had added that). One night when she shook hands with me for goodnight, I felt a half-dollar slip into my hand. Her comment was, "Brother Hall, whenever you want to practice on us again, just come right along; you will be welcome." I preached for them for more than two years, always without a stipulated salary. At the same time a young student from Baylor University was preaching for the East Waco Baptist Church. His name was George Truett, who later proved to be the most eloquently pleading preacher of all Southern Baptists. It was years afterward that we reminisced about East Waco.

I came to know the members and families quite well, and served them as a pastor, as well as preacher. Sister Holland (we called all women in the church "sister") was the one who preferred doleful songs to "sunshine," as I have already related. But in person, she was quite cheerful.

One of the best members was the wife of a saloon keeper. He was one of the kind who never drank the stuff he sold. I came to know him quite well. His version of the case was, "It's the only business I know; I must make a living for my family." His family included several girls, the older one being beautiful and attractive. She was induced to run off and get married to one of her father's customers, a youth. When the father upbraided him for it, he turned back on him and said, "You sold me the stuff that caused it." My heart went out for all of them, caught in the tentacles of a miserable web. How could I ever be anything but an enemy of liquor and the liquor business.

For the last two years in Add-Ran, I got a fellow-student to preach at East Waco two Sundays a month, while I went to Eddy, where they promised to pay several dollars a visit. How much I don't remember. It was sometimes slow coming.

I remember one Monday morning, I had to request a loan from the treasurer, Brother Hill, the druggist, so I could purchase my ticket on the Katy back to Waco. He took the hint and thereafter prepaid the fee. Several lifelong friends were in that congregation. One of these was then just a lad of some eight years, the grandson of an elder, Brother Christian, in whose home I was always welcome in case I did not get an invitation elsewhere. The grandson was John Bateman, the later distinguished student and baseball manager at T.C.U. and still later a fellow educator, as the Principal of the Central High in Fort Worth; also still later a fellow member in the University Christian Church.

Later in 1902-03, my first year as "Professor," I preached at Frost and at Marlin. The house of worship still used by the church at Marlin was erected during my ministry. There, too, were lifelong friends, especially the Pringle family. "Mother" Pringle was one of the "best posted" Disciples I knew, a real "Mother in Israel." The Church house at Frost was later destroyed by a cyclone.

# 25

# Fort Worth, "Out Where The West Begins"

IT WAS IN THE SUMMER OF 1912 THAT MY WIFE and I left the little house in Waco into which we had moved the night we were married (1909), to move to the city of Fort Worth and back to T.C.U. But that was not my first personal acquaintance with "The Panther City." Away back in 1891, on my move from Windom to Waco, I passed through Fort Worth. Distinctly do I recall that the Katy train backed out from the old red brick station on the corner of Main and 18th (now Lancaster). The station clock tower loomed up, clearly seen all the way from the Court House. Only people thirty years of age and more will remember that old station that looked like it stood in the middle of Main Street. It was replaced in the 1930's, during the depression, when the Texas and Pacific ventured to build the new, beautiful station and the extensive Lancaster Yards that we have now. Both the Yards and Lancaster Street were named in the honor of the President of the Texas Division, whose office was in Dallas. (He was a courteous gentleman; I made a personal call on him in his office and he gave me my first pass on the T & P, because I was Dean of T.C.U.) The

Katy train was the one on which I rode into Fort Worth, but the T & P was the first railway system to enter Fort Worth in 1874.

Prior to the coming of the Texas and Pacific, there was no railroad to take cattle to the Kansas City packeries. Fort Worth had been the gathering place of the cattle herds from western ranges on their way to the shipping centers in Kansas, such as Dodge City, which, up to that time, had been the shipping point nearest to the packing houses in Kansas City. The cowboys from West Texas would drive their herds on foot from the far scattered ranches into Fort Worth, where they would be rearranged into great numbers of herds to be driven on foot to Dodge City, along the trails that have become famous in history, magnified and often glorified by traditions and fiction (e.g. The Chisholm Trail).

Inevitably, the collecting of such multitudes of cowboys with time on their hands and money in their jeans would attract adventurers, card sharpers, gamblers, saloon keepers and worse, to reap a harvest of pelf, on the lonesome and adventure-hungry cowboys, away from home.

Hence the natural development of the cattle business made of Fort Worth a den of iniquity, a hell of temptation to the boys and men from the ranches, entirely without the desire or consent of the good citizens of Fort Worth.

One outstanding, visible evidence of this situation is imbedded in history, where all can see. Two ex-Confederate soldiers, brothers, Addison and Randolph Clark, with their father, Joseph Clark, had inaugurated a private school in Fort Worth in 1869. It was supported by leading citizens such as Dr. Carroll Peak, Major K. M. Van Zandt, and Major J. J. Jarvis, and was prospering. But the Clarks had planned their school to be an influence for the development of high-grade Christian characters, as well as mere book learning, and they believed that the atmosphere of the city at that time was bad for their students. So, as Randolph Clark makes clear in his *Reminiscences,* they decided to move their school to the country, at Thorp Spring, where, as Mr. Randolph expressed it, their boys from the ranches would be free from the "temptations that surround the railway station." There it became Add-Ran Christian College. It later developed into the great institution, Texas Christian University, and ultimately moved back to Fort Worth (1910).

That "rough and ready" atmosphere of the Fort City and Cowtown, did not wear off too readily. At the very beginning of the "Gay Nineties," in the year 1890, a Young Men's Christian Association was started in Fort Worth. Primarily a lay evangelistic movement in that period, it was the result of a union revival in the old Taylor Street Presbyterian Church.[1] But Christian forces were working at the process early and vigorously. This same Dr. Carroll M. Peak and his wife, Mrs. Florence Peak, had been the organizers of the first church in Fort Worth, the First Christian Church, and Major Van Zandt was an elder in this congregation. That Fort Worth did not resent the move away from Fort Worth is clearly shown by the fact that they continued to send their young men and young women to the Add-Ran College. Among these students was found the son of Major Jarvis, Van Zandt Jarvis. Both father and son in later years became Trustees of Add-Ran, and both of them served as Chairman of the Board. Indeed Van Zandt was Chairman of the Board back in Fort Worth at the time of his death in 1940.

Fort Worth, in the twentieth century, is proud of its western atmosphere and cherishes its commercial trade from the West, and well it may, for through the years it had its rivals. Thirty miles west of it, the County seat of Parker County, Weatherford, for a while had a rather tight hold on the trade that headed in from the ranges further west. To many of the cow-country people, Weatherford was the first stopping place for "shopping." That I learned by 1894, in Waco, when a Jewish merchant, S. Neumegen, sold out his thriving general merchandise store at Weatherford and moved to Waco, when he found a good opportunity to buy out the stock and location of Whittinghill, Jones and Gordloe, which had gone broke in the 1893 "Panic." He then became my boss. Evidently, he saw Fort Worth gaining the West Texas trade.

For a decade and a half prior to 1890, Fort Worth citizens had been working like beavers to induce railroads to build into their fair city. Beginning with the new state law of 1874, authorizing generous grants of land to railroad companies for building railroads across the state, the work of soliciting and of building of railroads ran like a high fever through many ambitious communities, including Fort Worth. The first one to enter the town that had become the gathering point for herds bound for Kansas and finally Kansas City, was the Texas and Pacific Railroad. This was quite rapidly followed, in order, by the Fort Worth and Denver City, the Red River and Rio Grande, later absorbed by the M K & T, the Gulf Colorado and Santa Fe, Fort Worth and Rio Grande, and the Cotton Belt, so that by the beginning of 1890, there were operating in and out of Fort Worth some six railway systems. During the "Gay Nineties" decade, at least two more were added, namely the Rock Island and the Texas and Brazos Valley.

This change from the necessity of driving cattle on the hoof to the packing houses, to shipping them by rail was as much of a break as had been the change from herding them from the backs of mustangs to that of turning them loose within barbed wire pastures. It was the mark of an era.

Little can we conceive, without much contemplation, what powerful influences some very small items have on the progress of our civilization. Take barbed wire, for example: a seemingly common, ordinary little item, bandied about the house and barn carelessly as if unimportant. Yet that small item became the key to one of the major shifts in the economy of West Texas, and thereby to the American way of life. It changed the custom of herding the cattle on horseback only, over the wide open prairies, to the custom of individual ownership of ranches enclosed within pastures defined by barbed wire. A period of practical banditry in the form of "fence cutting" by the enemies of progress, was a necessary interlude, but it turned out to be the key to the possibility of homesteading by individuals on the prairies. Incidentally, the salesman most responsible for "selling" the big idea of homesteading to the far-flung masses of cattlemen was none other than the somewhat notorious John W. ("Bet a Million") Gates, under the general sales agent for the estate of H. B. Sanborn.

But Fort Worthians, although thoroughly alive to the possibility of growth and progress and naturally alive to the opportunity of the expansion of the city, with the region, nevertheless, were slow to realize the possibilities that lay ahead for the cattle industry. Kansas City had been so long the accepted location for the marketing of cattle!

True, the voice of the prophet had been heard in the land. The Fort Worth Democrat, as early as 1875 (April 25), characteristic of the nosey newsman, had ventured to predict that Fort Worth would one day be the producer and shipper of meats for export.

But at the end of the 1890's, it was learned that emissaries of the Chicago and Kansas City packing houses were nosing about in Dallas as if seeking for a place to locate some packing houses. Immediately, a group of Fort Worth Hustlers were on their way to Dallas, to intercept these searchers, and to show them the right way. One Fort Worth citizen owned the strip of land that was needed; he also owned the right spirit of public interest and faith in the future. Probably it was John Peter Smith who donated the required acres of land and in due time thereafter the Packing Houses of Swift and Armour were assigned to Forth Worth. The cornerstone-laying ceremony occurred on March 1, 1902. On that occasion, the speaker for Armour predicted that before long Fort Worth would be the second cattle market in the United States, for the packing and shipping of cattle products. This time they believed him, became enthused, and worked. And his prediction came true.

What if this great asset to Fort Worth was fifteen months after the Nineties had ended? It was well worth waiting for that short span of time.

By the way, one ad I observed in a Fort Worth newspaper in the 1890's was that of a real estate developer. It announced with much flowery language: "Beautiful North Fort Worth." It would be hard to imagine a twentieth century North Fort Worth citizen observing the long line of cattle trucks streaming into North Fort Worth on Highway 187 and into the stock yards, and interpreting that scene as "beautiful North Side."

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[1] This story of the long ago was told in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* of Sunday, March, 1960, written by Clarence L. Richart, a former student of mine in T.C.U. who had learned his profession in the school of experience as it was in those days, before the "School of Journalism." Now he specializes in stories of "specials."

# 26

# Fairs and Expositions

THE CUSTOM OF HOLDING COUNTY FAIRS HAD been established long before the 1890's, but during this decade, the Fair project blossomed out into much larger proportions — State, National, Southwest and even a World's Fair. The Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, was known as a World's Fair. The invitation was extended generously to all peoples of the world, as it naturally should be since it was coming from the bustling, metropolitan center which had acquired and, no doubt, earned, the cognomen, the "Windy City." But it really was entitled to use the word "world" in its title, for it was in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus in 1492, which event had made the whole world quite a different place. To be sure, it was not held until 1893, since it was on such a large scale that even the bustling city of Chicago was unable to get in all the buildings, plans and arrangements without an extra year of preparatory work.

Roughly, it might be assumed that this great World's Fair would be the inspiration that led to many state and local fairs. This could have applied to the Cotton Palace in Waco, for it followed one year later, 1894. But it is well to observe that several exhibitions were held in the years preceding 1893. This was the case of the Ice Palace in Toronto, Canada, and the Corn Palace in Sioux City, Iowa, as was acknowledged by Captain Paddock in his account of the exposition of the Spring Palace of Fort Worth, as recorded in his *History of Fort Worth.* The Spring Palace of Fort Worth not only preceded the World's Fair of Chicago; it also beat the "Gay Nineties" to it. For it was started in the winter and spring of 1888-89.

The Spring Palace building was located on the T & P Reservation at the corner of Galveston Street. That's right in the middle of the town, now, but it was then on the southern edge. Of course, it was a frame building decorated with products of "Field, Forest, Orchard and Garden" of which Captain Paddock relates calmly, in his *History of Fort Worth,* as the "most beautiful building ever constructed on earth." Nothing like having a high estimate of your own stuff! Beautiful as it was, no doubt, it was, nevertheless, highly inflammable. On the 10th of June, 1890, while it held within its walls a crowd of some 7,000 happy people, the entire building was suddenly and rapidly devoured by flames. This mass of people, frightened and excited, was managed so skillfully in the process of evacuation, that only one life was lost. That one was the man in charge of the building, and the safety of the crowd. His name was Al Hayden; he is said to have herded the company of people so ardently that he himself got cornered in such a way he could not escape, and was burned to death. He was universally recognized as a hero, and a monument was erected near the spot which ever since has been known as the Al Hayden Triangle. Through the intervening years, of course, with the growth of the city, much building has been done in this very busy region. The new beautiful T & P Station, several business houses, some meanwhile demolished and new ones replacing, and prominently, the elevated Freeway erected along Lancaster with the paving of the street underneath would have endangered the old Triangle or at least obscured it. But no! The city planners were more thoughtful and grateful than that. My wife and I recently (May 25, 1960) drove north on Main Street to pass by Main and Lancaster; as we turned left to go west on Lancaster, veering with the street, we saw on our left, between us and the parking lot of the T & P Station, the same old original Triangle, all clean, fresh, and brightened by the surrounding City Park, kept fresh with shrubbery, flowers, and plots of neatly trimmed grass. The memory of the Old Spring Palace with its one hero still lives in Fort Worth.

But the exploitation of the "fruits of the forest, field and garden" was not the main item, certainly not the unique thing for Fort Worth to exploit. This community, situated "out where the West begins," could not forget that it had been the one spot on the map where the cattle easily and naturally congregated before the days of the railroads, on their way to the packing house centers. The cattle industry was the natural market for Fort Worth to cultivate.

The first attempt along this line was the securing of a hog killing and shipping plant. John Peter Smith readily furnished the land for it, and private capital was invested in it. But that did not work out successfully. "Hog killin' " time was the first freezing day in December on all farms and every farm had the habit; also, it was discovered that the number of hogs being raised in the state was not so large — especially as compared with cattle. Cattle was the abundant crop of Texas, and Fort Worth had already been branded as the natural, logical location for the gathering of cattle.

The Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show was definitely a child of the "Gay Nineties" decade. It was born out of the desire of the cattlemen to improve the quality of the cattle they were raising. They had started with what they had, the rangy, scrubby cattle known as the Texas Longhorns whose chief advantage was that they could endure the hardship of the open range, and survive. But when they were shipped to the packing houses, they did not bring the prices of better breeds of cattle.

Attempts had been made to import purebred brands, but it was found that they were subject to a certain scourge, which was not understood. Major J. J. Jarvis had imported five Jersey milk cows, and lost all of them to this scourge. Col. B. C. Rhome, of Rhome, Texas, several miles north of Fort Worth, began bringing in pure-bred cattle as early as the 1870's, and lost 90% of them. But by the 1880's the cause of the scourge was discovered. It was the Texas fever tick. Then began the practice of "dipping" all the cattle; gradually the ticks were eliminated.

Confidence in Texas as an ideal location for raising cattle grew, but it needed stimulating among the rank and file of cattle raisers. Four men who were successful cattle raisers determined to take steps toward enlisting cattlemen in general in the big idea of better types of cattle. These men were successful raisers of cattle near Fort Worth: Major J. J. Jarvis, Col. B. C. Rhome, of Rhome, Texas, J. S. Ikard of Henrietta, and Col. J. W. Burgess of Fort Worth. The Fort Worth Packing Co. had been started modestly by local capital, in the amount of $30,000. It was located near the hotel on Samuels Avenue and the later site of the Swift and Armour plants. Another packing plant was located near the Texas and Pacific Railway Station. These four cattlemen led in the announcing of a Stock Show to be held near the hotel and Samuels Road in March, 1896. The first secretary was D. O. Lively and the assistant was a young man just out of college (Add-Ran, at Thorp Spring), Van Zandt Jarvis, who afterward became a prime promoter and official of the Stock Show and mayor of the city. Prizes were given for winners in different classes, donated by business firms.

The show was considered by everybody as such a success that a repeat was announced for the Fall of the same year, October 12 and 13, 1896. This time there was a parade with cowboys riding down Main Street to the music of bands. It was reported that 10,000 to 15,000 people witnessed the parade, a good crowd for that early period. The show was repeated in the fall of 1897, and again in the spring of 1898 in connection with the Cattlemen's Convention, and thereafter in each spring.

One interesting development, no doubt due to the publicity of the show, was the increasing prices brought by fancy bred bulls. Louis Brown of Smithfield, breeder of Short Horns, ventured to pay $1,000 for one prize bull. When his check was presented to the bank, the conservative President, Major K. M. Van Zandt commented, "Poor Louis is losing his mind." The Major learned in later years to cash checks of $10,000 and $25,000 for the purchase of prize bulls.

At first only cattle were exhibited. When Sterling P. Clark, afterward Sheriff of the County, wanted to enter his chickens for exhibition he was advised by one cattle man, "We don't want any two-bit rooster waking up a thousand-dollar bull."

Later all kinds of animals were admitted with prizes offered for the best.

For many generations the show was held in the North-Side Coliseum, but during World War II in 1944, conditions demanded that it be moved to the Will Rogers Coliseum, where more and more barns are being built, year by year.

Beginning in 1903, a prominent stockman was elected as President. The first selection was S. Burk Burnett who served until 1923, when Marion Samson, Sr. succeeded him; after him Van Zandt Jarvis was president until his death in 1940; after him was John C. Burns. The office of secretary-manager was probably the most difficult to fill. John R. Davis held this post the longest of anyone, from 1925-1945. Edgar Deen, whose business position was with the packing house industry, succeeded Davis in 1945 and carried it on for years.

The great World's Fair in Chicago, I had to miss. I was busy just then, as the cashier in a store. Yes, I had money enough to go on, or could have arranged for it; but my program of saving had another definite object in view: college. The one fair that I did see, and completely, was the Cotton Palace in my own town. I knew the personnel of Cotton Palace leaders quite well, some of them intimately. One day in particular at the Cotton Palace, I can never forget. That is the day when a group of young people, my friends, took in the programs and exhibitions together all day long; I, meanwhile, enduring a splitting headache which culminated the next day in a case of measles. Forget that? Never! That was the start of a series of events which culminated a year afterward in the death of my beloved mother in 1895. She was only 41 years of age, the mother of nine children (six surviving to maturity). Nine children in 23 years was not an uncommon pattern in those days.

The tragedy of the loss of the mother of the family shocked my father, so that he soon resolved to move back to the original home town, Madisonville, Kentucky, for a fresh start. So the family left near the end of 1897, and Guy Inman and I joined, as roommates, in Wortham's Hash House and fellow students in Add-Ran Christian University.

The story of the Cotton Palace in Waco, in 1894, has already been presented, as a booster to the cotton industry, and to the importance of Waco as a trade center and a contributing factor to the world of entertainment by the presentation of the (later) world famous Sousa's Band with its highly popular military marching tunes. Like the Spring Palace of Fort Worth, its brilliant history was marred by a disastrous fire. Just as the zealous leaders were preparing to open the second Exposition in 1895, it was suddenly destroyed by fire, fortunately without any loss of life.

This loss was so sudden and so shocking that no attempt could be made to reproduce the show that year. But by January 29, 1896, the *Waco Times* began an agitation for the rebuilding of the pride of Waco – the Texas Cotton Palace, first by an editorial, followed by a reportorial survey of the leaders of the city, to get their feeling toward the project of rebuilding the very popular Cotton Palace. The outstanding leaders were enthusiastic about the project. Col. R. B. Parrott declared that the omission of the palace the one year in 1895 had cost the city of Waco not less than $100,000. Sam Sanger was ready to go to work for it, and of course, the enthusiasm and energy of Jim I. Moore was ready to be dedicated to the enterprise. But the tugging was hard, and meanwhile, some changes occurred in the leadership. Jim I. Moore had moved to New York City in the real estate business and law. A younger group of civic leaders developed in the form of the Young Men's Business League. It was not until the year 1909 that they succeeded in building a structure with a different slant, a coliseum, modeled after the well known Coliseum of Washington, D. C. Its big purpose was to attract the holding of big conventions of various sorts. It is said to have seated 10,000 people. As times changed, and types of entertainment shifted, their enterprise lasted until about 1932.

One exposition which became widely known later in the twentieth century, I do not "recall" because it was not known in the "Gay Nineties." They had held a fair in Dallas we are told, as early as 1859, exhibiting such items as "needle work, carpets, vegetables, shawls, and tests of horsemanship and skill at driving;" then in 1886 two separate fairs were held because two groups could not do team work. But out of this grew the final Texas State Fair held in the Fair Park and a genuinely great exposition. But, as I remarked before, that was out of my recalling.

The Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show had within its elements entertainment that would outrank and outshine any opera, stage show, band (even Sousa's). The seeds of the entertainment were inherent in the aims and purposes of the four cattlemen who initiated the first Stock Show, out under the post oak trees in North Fort Worth, in 1896. Their purpose was to stimulate and develop the plans for improving the quality of Texas-bred cattle. These devices for such stimulating became apparent as such schemes developed as the 4-H Clubs and the Future Farmers of America. No sort of mere entertainment could possibly engender the zeal and ingenuity that would come naturally from the boys and girls on the ranches as they vied to out-do each other in the serious business of raising their own stock, on their own ranches. And no events on any program could appeal more genuinely and naturally than competition in the arena among the skilled trick riders, bronco busters, Brahma steer riders and other such exhibitions of skill based on ranch experience.

One special element in the successes of the Fat Stock Show was caught up by one of the writers of articles about it — and many other treasures of literature, including *All of the Women of the Bible.* This book, published by Harper and Brothers, sold more widely than most books in recent years. She is Mrs. Edith Deen, for years a feature writer for local newspapers, and finally the author of full-time books of wide circulation. Of course, she was one of the feature writers for the Stock Show, for her husband is Mr. Edgar D. Deen, for years the Secretary-Manager of the Show, as well as the highly honored Mayor of Fort Worth.

The article referred to, written by Mrs. Deen for the Souvenir Edition of the 1948 Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show, contained these words, referring to Mr. Amon Carter, the publisher of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*: "Mr. Carter gives encouragement to Boys."

"In early days he was active in promoting 4-H Clubs and Future Farmers. He had the vision to see that these boys, who were to become the cattlemen of tomorrow, should produce the finest cattle. From the 20's on through the 30's and 40's the Southwestern Exposition has steadily become big business financially. More than a quarter of a million people likely will pass through the gates this year, compared to the handful who saw the first show.

"This story is reported, year after year: 4-H boys and girls, teen-agers, bringing to exhibit and compete for prizes cattle which they have raised with their own hands and in which they feel the pride not only of ownership, but of personal accomplishment. This is the sort of citizen-building program that goes steadily on, year after year in Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum on Amon Carter Square in Fort Worth."

The author of these lines begs pardon for stretching the "Gay Nineties" story far into the twentieth century. To do otherwise would be as unforgivable as to show the seed or bulb of a plant and leave it there. It is the glorious blossoming of the plant that makes it worth the cost. I have given you here only half of this thrilling story about men of vision, men of action, businessmen, farmers, stock men, writers, reporters, editors, mayors, bankers — all of whom invested their talents and funds into the task of building the great Southwest region.

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